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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 13.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of


JOHN S. FARMER

Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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Captain Thomas Stukeley

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The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum, Press-mark C. 21, c. 35(1). It is (or rather was) like "Fair Em" (q.v), grouped with other tracts; but, this reproduction completed, the volume has been sent to the binder's for each item to be bound separately. This of course will necessitate a new press-mark. Another copy is in the Bodleian Library.

As regards Thomas Stukeley, the subject of the play, see the "D.N.B." and Mr. Simpson's biography of that soldier-worthy.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that the reproduction is of the usual high standard of merit.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE ³⁴²
Famous Historye of
the life and death of Captaine
Thomas Stukeley.

With his marriage to Alderman
Curteis Daughter, and valiant ending
of his life at the Battaile of
ALCAZAR.

As it hath beene Acted.



Printed for Thomas Payer, and are to be sold at
his shop at the entrance into the
Exchange, 1605.



THE Famous History of the life and death of Captaine *Thomas Stukeley.*

Cur. **P**loeed son Vernon, on with your discourse.
Ver. Sir Thomas Curteis, spare that name of
sonne. I must confes I should haue bin your
Sonne, and had thereto your Wiues and your
consent.

Cur. And had son Vernon, I and so haue still :
Bones a Wod man, if I be a knight,
Sir Thomas Curtise, and an Alderman.
they that say deny my Daughter is not yours: Roundly off,
by ye and nay I think them not my friends,
Passion of me man, not my Daughter yours?
What say you wife.

Wife. Husband what should I say,
Is it not knowne through London, doe not our friends
daily expect the marriage of our childe,
to maister Vernon here : and aske ye me,
what say you wife :

Cur. Why heard ye not his words,
he must confesse he should haue bin our Son :
and thereto had both your consent and mine :
haue you denied him since. Passion of me,
Besse, and Son both, these speeches make me muse
not haue our Daughter.

Wife. Husband, husband, perhaps his mind is chaungd,
or our girls portion is not great enough,
and therefore now he seeks to break it off.

The famous history

Cur. Sits the winde there wise : ha, thinke ye so :
by yea and nay, then wise he deale not well.
Come roundly roundly come, what is the matter :
passion of me, breake off, and for no cause : ha :

Ver. Sir Thomas patience bot your selfe awhile.
and you shall see, that more necessitie
breakes off our match.

Cur. On then a Gods name,

Ver. I doubt not, but by marriage of your childe,
you seeke such comforts as the sacred State,
yeelds you as parents, vs as children :

Cur. What else Sonne Vernon :
And those high blessings, no way are attained,
but by the mutuell sympathizing loue,
that as combining hands so should the harts,
of either partie, else it cannot be.

Cur. all this is true Sonne Vernon.

Ver. now then Sir Thomas, you cannot expect
these comforts by our matches on neither part
If you giue me her hand and not her hart,
The one I know you may, compulsiuely.
the other neuer but butwillingly

Cur. Bones of bod man, how : what haue we here :
her hand and nother hart. Nell, come hither Nell,
passion of me wench. how comes this to passe
we point ye one, you loue another, ha :

Wife. May this be so maide, ha : why speake ye not.

Ver. Madam, and god Sir Thomas be not rough
with your faire daughter, what her bashfulness
conceales from you, fauour me to disclose
See ye this Gentleman here maider Stukley :

Cur. Oh matter Stukly a couerteous Gentleman,
what of him :

Ver. he is the substance of my shadowed loue,
I but a Cipher, in respect of him.
you giue me your consent, but he gaine her,

you





of Tho. Stukely.

you wed me to her hand, he hath her hart.
Oh what a wrong it you, were this to her,
being your childe, and hope of after toy,
Oh what a wrong in me, were this to him,
being my friend, my deere, esteemed friend,
to rob her of her harts best happi nes,
him of the good his gracious fortune giues:

If I should hinder him, or you keepe her,
from this right match, which reason doth prefer.

Cur. Bona a ded Nell, howe loue maister Stukely.

Wife. A handsome proper man, but how now daughter
must maids be chusers.

Stuk. Madam and kind Sir Thomas, looke on me,
not with disdainfull lookes, or base contempt.

I am a Gentleman, and well deria'de,
equall I may say, in all true respects,
with higher fortune then I am at now.

But since your daughters vertues and firme loue,
in each of vs hath made resolu'd choise,
Since my deare friend to me hath prelded by,
what right he might prefer to your faire childe,
in true regard of our so mutuall loue:

So you your selues make perfect those faire hopes,
that by contracted marriage you expect,
where either partie resteth fully pleas'd.

Hel. Upon my knees deare parents I intreat it,
and count it not in me immodesty,
to loue the man, whom heauen appointed for me.
your choise I must commend, but mine much more,
bearing the seale of firme affection,
his vertues in the publick worldes repute,
deserueth one more worthy then my selfe,
Since maister Vernon then prefers his friende,
before him selfe, and in so iust a case:
let me intreat that reason may take place.

The famous history

Ver. To further it, thus frankly I begin,
here deare Tom Stukly, all the right I haue,
In faire Nell Curtes, I resigne to thee.
be but her parents, please so well as I,
God giue you ioy as man, and wife say I.

Stuk. What saies Sir Thomas shall I call him father?
and Adam, you my mother?

Cur. Soft and faire Sir.
Come hither wife, Stukly is a gallant man,
and one here in our City much beloued,

Wife. My husband, both in Court and country too,
a Gentleman well borne, and as I heare;
his fathers heire, the match were not amisse
since Nell is so affected to him, and beside,
you see that maister Vernon leaues her quite,

Cur. Passion of me wife, but I heard last day,
he's very wilde, a quarreller, a fighter,
I, and I doubt a spend god too.

Wife. That is but youthfulness, marriag will tame him,
young Gentlemen will run their course awhile,
and yet be nere the worse.

Cur. Say ye so wife,
Well, Son Vernon (should haue bin) and maister Stukley.
Come, we will dine together, and talke more
concerning this new motion. Well Nell, well,
you cannot chuse a man: not you: by yea and nay,
I grow in good opinion of him, come, no more a do,
we will to dinner, and be merry too.

Stuk. I feele thee comming fortune, if it proue,
blest be the moing speeds so soone of lone. Exeunt,

Enter maister Stukly, and maister Newton,
a scitisen.

Old Stuklie. Wer Lady we haue sitten well my host
tis one a clock my watch saies: what saies your clock

Newton



of Tho. Stukely.

Newton. much there about Sir, is it your pleasure we prepare your Lodging.

Old Stuk. What else Sir, nay I will not change mine host good maister Newton He be hold with you mine old friend and aquantance and companion, who ever else be here I must be one, you shall not drive me from you: that you shall not.

Newton. my very worshipfull and loving friend maister Stukely you are right welcome to my house, and be as hold heare as you were at home Will you abroad to some Sir after Dinner.

Old Stuk. Yes Sir about a little Busineses:

Newton. Bestow me Sir, you have come far to day I pray you rest your selfe this after noone, your Bed shall be made ready if you please, and take to morrow for your Busineses.

Old Stuk. O Sir I thanke you, but it shal not need, I thanke god Sir I am as fresh and lusty as when I set this morning from mine Anne, for forty miles 'tis nothing before noone: now in mid April and the waies so faire.

Newton. I am younger then your selfe by twenty yeers, and Her Lady would not under take it.

Old Stuk. Ho twenty yeers ago: I have ridden from this Colone to my house and nere draw bit: but maister Newton those daies and I be parted well Sir He to the Temple to see my sonne, when saw you that unthrift Boy Tom Stuklie

Newton. He was not here since you were last in Colone but the other day I saw him come by Fleet-Street with the Lord Winsor, and Lord Aburganny, an Irish Lord or two in companie, I promise you he is a gallant man:

Old Stuk. I had as lue you had seen him in the Temple with, conferring with some learned Councelors, or at the moote upon a case in Law.

New.

The famous history

Newton. Sir so you may I doubt not on occasion

Old Stuk. I promise you I doubt it maister Newton,
I heare some things that pleaseth me but a little,
it is not my allowance serues the turne
to maintaine company with Noblemen.

Newton. why Sir it shoves he Bears a gallant mind
I faith he is a gallant sprightly yough,
of a fine mettle and an Actiue spirit,

Old Stuk. god make him honest Sir : and giue him grace

Newton. my wife expects your company at supper,

Old Stuk. Yes Sir God willing.

Newton. and if your so be at leisure, I pray you bring him

Old Stuk. I thank you Sir, I her his corage very much
but to licentious that is all I fear, commended

but that he doth accomodate with the Best,
in that he shoves himselfe a Gentleman,
and though perhaps he shall not know so much,
I do not much mislike that humoꝝ in him.

A Gentleman of Bloud and quality,
to sort himself amongst the noblest spirits,
shelves the true sparks of honourable worth,
and rightly shoves in this he is mine owne,
For when I was of young Tom Stuklies yeares
and of the Inns of court as he is now,

I would be conuersant still with the Best
the Braued spirits, that were about the town,
But soft this is his chamber as I take it

he knocks. Enter the Page.

Page. who calles there,
gods me my maisters father, now my maister hers
at the Tabling house too, what the deuill makes this
old Crackle-breech here now, howe the por
stumbled he hether, god lane your worship.

Old Stuk. how now Boy : wheres your maister

Page. he is not come from dinner Sir,

Old Stuk.





of I ho. Stukely.

Old Stuk. how not from dinner : tis past dinner time in the hall an hower ago. Harke ye sirra tell me true is he in commons, tell me not a lie now

Aside.

Page. What shall I do, I am in a pittifull case A por on him for an old Scand-pouch : if he take me with a lie now, by this flesh and blood, heele whip me most Pernitiouly : if I should say he is in commons and he proue it not so, by this light heele pepper me, saith Ile tell truth.

Old Stuk. Sirra why speake you not,

Page. I thinke he be not in commons Sir,

Old Stuk. Where dinnes he,

Page. At Palmers ordinary,

Old Stuk. your maister is an ordinary Student,

Page. Indeed Sir he studies very extraordinarily,

Old Stuk. and you the rope-ripe ordinarily,

I sent him money to prouide him Bookes

Page. See see, the deuil ought my maister a shame and now he has paid him : he had nere so much grace as to buy him a kepe to his study doze : if he haue ere a Booke there, but old hackt swords as fores Bilboes, and Horne-Buckles, I am an Inidell, I cannot tell what to doe. Ile deuise some scuse

Old Stuk. Sirra heare pee me, giue me the key of his

Page. Sir he euer carries it about him, (Studdy

Old Stuk. how let me see methinks the doze stands open

Page. A plague one it, he hath found it : I was not war Sir, be like he had thought he had lock it and turnd the key to short. aside

now we shall see this old cutt'r play his part for in faith hees furnished with all kind of weapons,

Old Stuk. what be these my sons bookes I promise you A Study richly furnisht. well said Tom Stukly,

Laying out all his Tooles,

The famous history

Here gallows clapper here. Be these your maisters Books :
for Littleton, Stamford and Brooke heeres
long sword, short sword, and Buchler, but alls
for the Bar : yet I had ment to haue made my
sonne a Barrister not a Baratter : but I see he
meanes not to trouble the law : I pray god the law
trouble not him : Sirra Waiter. lache

Page. Sir.

Old Suk. Where is this towardy youth your maister.
this Lawier this Lawier, I would faine see him, his learned
maisterchip : where is he.

Page. It will not be long before he comes Sir.

Old Sukly goes againe to the studdy.

If he be not cut in his mothers Belly
hele keepe him out of the way : I would I were with
him too : for I shall haue a Waiting worse then a hanging

Old Suk. If he haue so much as a candlestick I am a traitor,
but an old hilt of a Broken sword to set his light in
not a Standish as I am a man, but the Bottom
of a Temple pot, with a little old sarfnet in it.
heeres a fellow like to proue a Lawier, if sword and,
Buthler hold.

Enter Stuklie at the further end
of the stage.

Suk. Boy, has Dicke Blackstone sent home my new
Buchler, rogue why sirs thou not

Page. What a gaping keep you : a pox on't, my old maister
is heere : youle hate y fault.

Suk. How long has he bene here rogue.

Page. Th's two howers.

Sukly. Zowds he has ben taking an Inuentorpe of my
household stuffe : all my brauery lies about the flour

Old Suk. O thou graceles boy, how dost thou bestow
thy time
He kneeles downe,

Suk. Your blessing god father.



of Tho. Stukely.

Old Stuk. O thou unblest Boy, thou wilt lewd buthrist

Stuk. How does my mother Sir, and all in Hamphshire,

Old Stuk. The wife to heare of thy demeanare here

Stuk. I am glad to heare of their good health : god continue

Old Stuk. Thou graceles rake hell and is all my cost

this five years space here for thy maintinance,
spent in this sort thou lewd misordred villaine.

Stuk. Sir I am glad to see you ioke so well,

I promise you it hopes me at the hart
boy bring the chaire and let my father sit,

and if old maister Prouye be wither

He call him Sir to heare you company

Old Stuk. I, I, thou canst not how thou stopst my mouth

so that thou hearest not of thy Villany,

it is no maruell though you write so oft

for fenerall sonns to furnish you with Bookes,

believe me Sir, your Nadoys richly furnisht :

Stuk. This villaine boy, nere Dresses by the chamber

I pray the put these things out of the way.

Old Stuk. I would I could cast the out of the way

And so I should not see my shameles sonne

We these the Bookes Sir that you loke upon.

Stuk. Father this as right a Foer as ere you saw

And has beene as soundly tride as any blade in England

Old Stuk. I trust youle make me account Sir of my mo-

ny. Indeed Sir : he dos rascand very fast in the hilts,

And is a little Crooked at the point :

Old Stuk. Tom Stukely, what a shame is this for thee,

To see so many of thy countrymen

Of whom the world did nere expect thy hopes

so forwarde, and so towarde to the Law,

And thou whose infancies did flatter me,

with expectation of so many goods :

To prove I very chaungling and so foliow,

these ruffanly and wild disordred courses.

Stuk.

The famous history

Stuk. Pay hark you father I pray you be content. I have done my goodwill, but it will not doe. John A-Nokes and John A-Styles and I cannot cotten. O this late french is worse then Butter'd mackerell, full of Bones, full of Bones, it sticks here it will not down, Aurum potabile will not get it down, my grand-father, be soild as much of you as you have done of me, but of my conscience you were as I am, a true man to the house, you took nothing away with you.

Old Stuk. O had thy grand-father bene as kind to me as I have bene to thee, thou wilt lewd with it: I had done well.

Stuk. nay so you do, God be thanked, but hark you Father there is a nearer way to the wood then all this. A nearer cut, then scratching for things out of a standish all a mans life, which I have found out, and if you will stick to me, I doubt not but you shall thinke I have bestowed my time well And this it is, I am in possibility to marry Alderman Cutessees Daughter, now father if you will Open the Wagg of your affection and speake but a few good words for me to the old Alderman they mine horse and sote.

Old Stuk. But with what colour can I speake for thee Being so lewd and Prodigall a (spend thrift) A common quarreller, with shame I speake it, That I dare scarcely olue thee with my credit.

Stuk. Peace good father: no more of that, stick to me once, if you will but tickle the olde fellow in the eare, looke you, with a certaine word called a Joynter: Ya, that same Joynter, and a proper man with all as I am, will draw you on a wench: as a Squirrills skin. will draw one a spanish shoe

Old Stuk. Now as for god Tom Stukly: thy rymes Are so notorious in the City: As I am much a foole the Alderman,

will





of Tho. Stukely.

Will not be wrought to yeld unto the match,
Stuk. I father this is certaine, but all thats nothing,
I haue the wenches goodwill and he must yeld
Spight of his hart: they worth forty thousand pound
I father this is the right Philosophers
None, true multiplication I haue found it.

Old Stuk. Well Sirra, come and goe with me to supper :
whether Ile send for a friend or two of mine,
and take their Better counsels in the matter.

Stuk. I pray you let it be so : Sirra Boys
Locke the doore, and bring my sword :

Page. I will Sir.

Enter at one doore Crosse the Mercer at another spring the Vintyners.

Crosse. I nere heard such a murmur of a marriage
Yet for my life I cannot meete a man
that soundly can report the certainty,
spring. I cannot meet a man in any place,
But still he hath this marriage in his mouth,
His day saies one, to morrow saies another
Another saies tis past, and he was there :
Another tels me that vpon his knowledge
it is not yet this three daies at the least :
I thinke the world is set a madding I.

Crosse. What maister spring the Vintyners
I pray god Sir your smell be as good as your taste
spring. Maister Crosse the Mercer sit even so, you haue
something in the wind : I beleue you haue bin brought to
the Booke as wel as your neighbours : vpon my life he
Comes vpon the same Busines that I doe, and perhaps
he can tell me how the world goes here
well met maister Crosse.

Crosse. What maister spring whether away :
spring. I was about to aske you as much

The famous history

Come, I know you are harkning to Alderman Cure. beare
Crosse. You would faine have some companie, I feel
you. Go to, Tom Stukely shall have the wench; and helter
skelter, the Aldermans bags shall paie for all.

spring. Art thou a true Prophet?

Crosse. I was abreamt to night, that he paid me all in
double Pistoles.

spring. I would I had mine in plaine Testerns.

Crosse. Tat, beggerly payment, hang it.

Enter sharpe the Cutlar, and Blunt the Buckler maker.

What, more of the same Couie, all birds of a feather

spring. Sharpe the Cutler of Fleetstreet methinks,

And Blunt of the Strand the Buckler maker.

Crosse. Have at him at Blunt and Sharpe, for sworde
and buckler, we are for him.

sharp. Well met maister Spring.

spring. So are you maister Sharpe.

Crosse. What maister Blunt, shall we lie at Ward?

Putting out his hand

Blunt. I pray God we may sir, to save our selues by
this marriage.

spring. Stay here comes Tom.

Stukely, and Jacke Harbart.

Enter Stukely and Harbart in their hose and doublets.

Crosse. Whats the matter.

Stuk. To speake it publikke, in such a presence,
he hath undone his daughter by the marriage,
you are a most disgracefull Idiot:

The greatest insurie ere cross my spirit
could not have drawne so base a wrong from me.

Harbart. I spake it but in myrth, but since your snuffe
Is so soon lighted, let it quench againe:

Are you so fetche Stukely, with apox.

Stuk. You are a flane thus to abuse me Harbart,

Harb. you are a vain soke Stukely so to cal me,

Stuk. Inforce me not I prethe at this time.

Har. Inforce you, bloud, you will not be inforced



of Tho. Stukely.

Stuke. Harbart your bloods too hot
Harb. You haue brought me into the ayre to coole it then.

Stuke. Thou hast almost tempted me beyond my strength
Harb. if I wisht that I would be your euell spirit.

Cro. heres sword and buckler by me call for clubs.
spring. so we may beate out the Waines of our businesse,
sharp. we come in an ill time.

Blunt. So I feare.

Crosse. how now Sharp, is your edge taken off.
sharp. I am blunted with my neighbour in faith.

Stuk. Thou camst on purpose Harbert to disgrace me.

Harb. Sirra your mothers son lies in his throat.

Stuk. I pray thee stand not thus.

Harb. To vnderprop your choller least it fall.

Stuk. Thou hast found a time to triumph one my courag
when I am gyued: durst thou else haue saide thus much.

Harb. When will ye be vnfettered.

Stuk. Where ere I meet you next. He haue you by the ears

Harb. Stukely you shall not ile keepe you from my ears
by the length of my rapier.

Stuk. saie no more.

Enter Curteis, Mother Bride, and the rest.

Bride. Where is my husband, where is maister Stuklie,
alasse my hart: vpon my wedding to fall out thus.

Moth. For gods loue: good sonne Stuklie and ap. Harbart
pacifie your selfe.

Curisse. He, Tom he, he, Bones a Dod man, what coile

Stuk. What meane you sir: why rise you from the table

we rise for nothing but to talke a little,
aside, Harbart looke to it, by this Blessed day ile be with

Harb. I would the day were come,
but you take day still with your creditors.

spring. I do not like that,

Crosse. What doest thou meane.

spring. What he should take longer day with his creditors.

Mother.

The famous history

Mother. For gods loue god sonne Stukely be content.

Cur. gods blest Captaine Harbert, Wones of Dod man
be content.

Harb. we are good friends with all my hart,
the Dyning roome Sir growing somewhat hot,
we stept out hether but to take the ayre,

Stuke. Bride. I pray thee god sweet hart be not so angry,
and Captaine Harbart let me tell you this,
knowing the disposition of your friend,
you might haue spard the speeches that you vsed.

Harb. If they haue any way displeased you,
I am verie sorie.

But let him take them how he will I care not.

Stuk. Harbart, Ile make you eate your words.

Cur. Gods me blest, lets to dinner again, aie, well als
well, Come, come, come.

Mother. Come Master Harb. you shall be my prisoner:
Daughter take you your husband by the hand, and let vs in
to Dinner. Exit.

Crosse. Heres a wedding indeed. I perceiue by this,
that we come in ill season for our monie.

spring. I would I had my debt before Harbart & he met
Sharp. Why so master spring?

spring. Because, If they two mate, I feare
One of them payes for it, they are two tall
Gentlemen, as England peldes.

Blunt. Well, lets awaie for this, and come to morrowe
the soner.

Crosse. Content.

Enter Vernon with Hamdon and Ridley,
two of his Friends.

Ham. If not at our requests, yet gentle friend,
For your owne safetie, change your former mind:
Haue you not wealth, What should you leaue the Land e
aid. Are you not here of credit in the Citie,

Exe



of Tho. Stukely.

Why should you then betray your forward hopes
Upon a wilful and uncertaine humoꝝ ?

Ver. I know that my estate is sound and good,
as on the one side strengthened with rich friends,
and one the other well established
by the assistance of a private stock :
yet what is this ? Or all externall pompe
that otherwise is incident to men,
If the mind want that comfort it should haue :
believe me Gentlemen it is as musicke,
to men in prison, or as Dainty meate
brought to a sick man, whose afflicting paine
hath neither left him appetite nor tast.

Ham. How springs this discontent : wherein lies
this gall of Conscience that disturbs you so ?

Rid. We are your friends shewe vs your inward griefe,
And we will either finde a remedy,
Or sharing euery one a part of it.
So lessen it, and it shall lose his force.

Ham. In it so : row you forsake your Bride,
and gane your interest to another man.

Rid. You hit the naile vpon the head : tis that
and nothing else that breeds this discontent.

Ver. Be not decei'd, I did it by aduise,
Nor do I any way repent me of it :
She lou'd not me, albeit I honord her :
and such a match what were it but to ioyne
fire and water : Marriage is no toy,
to be desired where there is Dislike,
and therefore weighing his deserts with mine,
her loue to him, and his to her againe,
I rather chose to benefite my Friend,
whereby two might be pleas'd : than gréu'd
assuming what I might, displease all thre.

(loue ?

Ham. What then hath weand you from your countreys
C
Vernon

The famous history

Ver. For that, nor any thing, I know not what:
yet whilst I breathe this native ayre of mine,
Methinks I sucke in poison to my hart:
and whilst I tread upon this English earth,
It is as if I set my carelesse feet
Upon a banke, where vnderneath is hid
a bed of crawling Serpents: any place
but only here (methinks) would make me happy,
Say twere the meanest Cottage in the world:
But here I am accurst, and here I live.
as one deprived both of soule and sence.
Which strange conceit from whence it should proceed,
I cannot bitter, other than from this,
That I am fired with a desire to travell,
and see the fashions, state, and qualities
of other Countries: Therefore if you loue me
offer no further to resist in me
The settled resolution of my mind.

Rid. Yet since you needs will leaue us and the Realme,
go not to Ireland: The countiees rude
and full of tumult and rebellious strife,
Rather make choise of Italy or France.

Ver. My word is past vnto a Gentleman,
with whom I will not breake: and here he comes.

Enter Harbart and another Captaine.

Har. Sir as I told you, euen at dinner time,
His fury was so great, as he must needs
Rise from the table to confer with me,
About my speeches which I did maintaine,
And sure if place had serued we there had fought,

Cap. I would I could devise to make you friends,
The rather for I beare he is appointed.
to haue a charg in this our Irish expedition.

Ham. It is no matter: Harbart fears him not,



of Tho. Stukely.

I make as little reckoning of my blood
as he of his : and will at any time,
O when he dares meet him vpon that quarrell.

Ver. Captaine well met.

Harb. Maister Vernon we stay for you,
Our horses halfe an houer agoe were ready,
And we had backt them but we lackt your companie.

Ver. Some conference with these gentlemen my friends
Made me neglect mine houre : but when you please,
I now am ready to attend on you.

Harb. It is well done, we will away forthwith,
Saint albans though the day were further spent
We may well reach to bed to night.

ver. kinde friends I now must bid ye both farewell.

Ham. Paie we wil see you Mounted ere we part. (Exeunt.

Enter Curtes and his Cashier.

Cur. Sirrha, what men are those that stay without?

Cash. Some that would speake with M. Stukely Sir.

Cur. Knowst what their busines is, or whence they come

Cash. Tradesmen they are, and of the Citty Sir,
But what their busines is I cannot tell.

Cur. Upon my life some Creditors of his,
That hearing of his matching with my Daughter
come to demaund some mony which he owes them.
It is euen so, They know he hath receiue
his marriage money : they perceiue his fluff,
and meane to share with him, ere all be gone.
He see the sequels : Here he comes himselfe,
and with him (O the body of me)
Halfe the Tradesmen in the towne (I thinke)

Enter Stukely with bagges of money. After him thronging
Arthur Crosse the Mercer, Iohn sparing the Vint. William
sharp, Tho, Thump, Geo, hazz, tennis keeper, henry Cracke
the

The famous history

The Fencer, and Ieffery Blurt, Baliffe of Finsbury : with
written notes in their hands,

Stuk. How ye stanes: a man can no sooner step
into a little wealth, but presently
youle haue the sent of him, youle biff him,
heres billes enough: had I now as many
shot and pikes, I would with a baliant hand
of mine owne subjects march among the Irish,
but let me see: deliuer your petition

Crosse deliuers his bill.

Ile proue an honest man athe chauncerie

Cur. Little law I feare and lesser Conscience.

Stukly The grosse sum of your debt Sir.

Crosse. two hundred pound.

Stuk. For what?

Crosse. For silks and beluets Sir.

Stuk. Your name.

Cros. Arthur Crosse the Mercer.

Stuk. Well master Crosse, the first illabell of your name
might haue spard ye this labour: but all is one: there
your money.

Cur. Two hundred pounds: so theirs an end of that,
I will be swozne I got it not so soone.

Stuk. Your title to my purse.

Spa. Tharty pounds Sir.

Stuk. For what?

Spa. For Tauerne suppers, and for quarts of wine

Stuk. Wh at the Gray hoand in Fleetstreet.

spa. I Sir the same.

Stuk. Your name is Sparing.

spa. John Sparing Sir, the vintener.

Cur. you spard not him when you did scoze so much:

Stuk. There master Sparing, would I were your scoller
That I might learne to spare as well as you, Exit spa.

Cur.



of Tho. Stukely.

Cur. That will néere be vntill it be too late.

Stuk. Now Sir to you.

sharp. Your servant Sir: William Sharp for Bilboes,
Fores and Toledo blades.

Stuk. What.

sharp. Forty markes:

Stuk. you cut somewhat deepe maister Sharp, but thers a
presermitiue for a green wound.

Cur. Beswowe me but it wounds me: what presermitiue
hane I for that.

Stuk. Of whence are you,

Thu. Tho Thumpe Sir, the Buckler maker of S. Giles

Stuk. The sum there vnto belonging.

Thu. Ffifténe pound Sir for broad lind Bucklers
beside Steele piks,

Cur. Woby of me, halfe the monie would arme fíue tall
felloows for the wars.

Stuk. Thumpe I will not answere you with the like vic-
lence for if I should, the broadest buckler that ere you made
would not defend you from being bankerout.

Thu. I thanke your worship. Exit Thumpe.

Stuk. Are you sick of the yelloows too?

haz. Not so sick Sir but I hope to haue a child's
part by your last will & testament

Cur. Thers a knave, he thinks after they are paid &
he meanes to go and hang himselfe: whats his legacie

Stuk. for tennis Balles when the French ambassitoz was
here thirténe pound: is it so much.

haz. Just so much with the fowling of fair Linnen when
you were hot.

Cur. Faire Linnen: hoy daie: your faire Linnen tosped
him of a good deale of monie.

Stuk. Georg Hazzard I take it thats your name.

haz. my name is so Sir.

Stuk. George: you haue hit the hazzard, giues him mony

The famous history

Cur. It was a hazard whether he would haue hit or no,
But for my money.

Stuk. What else.

Crack. I hope Sir: your worship hath not forgot Harry
Crack the Fencer, for foights, and pennyes giuen vpon a
wager at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty Crowns.

Cur. Cracke his crowne and that makes one and thirtie.

Stuk. Well Crack I haue n o wy to defend your thrust,
but by this downe right blow. (Giues him money.

Crack. I take it double Sir, and please you

Stuk. Let it suffice your valiant and my choller past.

Now dients yet: your name?

Blu. Geoffrey Blurt Sir. Walise of Finsburie
For skates and bloodshed in the theater fields, five marks.

Cur. Woddy of me nere a Surgeian in this towne would
haue asht more.

Stuk. Blurt I haue no reason to pay the whole.

Blu. Why so and please you.

Stuk. Jack Dudley and I were haues in that action take
part of him.

Blu. Allas Sir, hee in Finsbury Gaile for hurting a
man behind the windmilles last Satterday.

Stuk. Why then belike you haue good paine for your money

Blu. I would we had Sir.

Stuk. Well I see your Dogged natures: a good sword and
buckler man is of no reckoning amongst ye: but let the
Sheriffe thinke, when he hath lost Jack Dudley,
he loseth twenty marke a yere as good for him
as ere a baron in England holds. There your amercia-
ments. And giue Jack Dudley this from me to pay his
fines. Exit Blurt.

Blu. I thank ye Sir.

Cur. I would he had broke his pate ere he went in earnest,
of a new reckoning: ah son, son, thou hast deceiued
my opinion, my daughter cast away, and I haue
bequeathd my money to a prodigall.





of Tho. Stukely.

Stuk. Father why so, shall I not pay my debts?

Stuk. Not with my money son, not with my money.

Stuk. It is mine owne, and Stukely of his owne,
will be as Frank as shall the Emperour.

I scoone this trash, betrayer of mens soules:

Ile spurne it with my foot: and with my hand,

haue the wers of plenty one this Warren land,

were it my fortune could exceed the clouds,

yet would I beare a mind surmounting that.

Father you haue enough for your, and for your Noe

When mine is gone you must provide me more.

Exit.

Cur. Is it euen so. The capitaines words are true:
he is a spend thrift but ile keepe him short
he gets not a denier more then he hath.

Enter Lady Curteis and Old Stukely.

Lady. Husband you are sent for in all the hast
to the yeld hall, about the Souldiers
that are to be dispatcht for Ireland.

Cur. I may be sent for wife whether I will,
and tis no matter greatly where I goe,

Lady. Why so I pray.

Cur. Would you ere haue thought
that tauerne, Fencers, Baliffes, and such like,
shoulde by the fruites of my late sitting vp,
and early rising, haue maintained their state,

Old Stuk. What meane ye brother Curteis.

Cur. Ah brother Stukely,

My meaning had you bene but here euen now,
you might haue scand without my utterance,
here was Item, vpon Item, such a crue
as I nere saw one man indebted to.

Enter Stukely, Lieft, Enf, Drum, and soldiors.

Lieft. Here stay we soldiors till the houre be come
our capitaine did appoint to meet with vs:

The valiant Stukely: we shal haue a guide,

Theres not a better in the Regiment.

He

The famous history

It is not one will say vnto his men
Giue you assault vpon, the enimie
follow me: and so himselfe will be

The foremost man that shall begin the fight.
For will he nicelie craepe into the towne,
when we are lodgd with in the dampish field,
but voluntarilie pertake your toyle,
and of his priuate purse releue your wants,

Ens. Lieutenant hys a galant Gentleman.
We know it well, and he that is not willing
to venture life with him, I would so; my part
he might end his daies worse then the pestilence.

Lies. Nay if you looke but on his mind,
much more occasion shall ye find to loue him
Vns liberal, and goes not to the wars
to make a gaine of his poore souldiours spoile,
but spoile the foe to make his souldiers gaine,
and here he comes stand all in good array.

Enter Stukly and his Wife.

Stuk. I prethee wile Imposstune me no more,
might tears perswade or wordes preuaile with me,
thy tears and wordes ere this had won mee state:
but tis not thou nor anie power but his
that has that power to take awaie my life,
that can abzdge my purpose I will goe.

Wife. Shall then my loves haue an end ere they begin
and shall the terme of thy daies being Wife,
for euer after cause a widowhood,
We scarce are ioynd together and must part.
we scarce are warme with in our nuptiall bed,
and you forsake me there to freeze alone:
Oh doe not so and if you euer loved,
or if you neuer loved, yet in regard
of my affection, leaue me not so soone

Stuk.



of Tho. Stukely.

Stuk. Good Lord that thou wilt still importune me,
Hane I not said I undertake this taske,
Only to make thee great.

Wife. But I desire to be no more then what I am already
So by your absence I be made no lesse.

Stuk. But that contents not me, it is not chambering
Now I haue beauty to be dallying with,
Nor pampering of my selfe with belly cheare,
Now I haue got a little worldly pelfe,
that is the end of leuels of my thought :
I must haue honour, honour is the thing
Stukely both thirst for, and to cliene the Mount
Where she is seated gold shall be my scottle,

Wife. But there are many dangers by the way,
and hastie climbers quickly catch a fall.

Stuk. he sonest loseth that despaires to winn,
but I haue no such preiudiciall feare,
If there be any shall outline the brunt
of raging war, or purchase dignitie,
I am perswaded, to be one of those.
If all mischance: yet it will not grieue,
or grieue the lesse to die with company.

Wife. That name of death already martirs me,

Stuk. But neuer feare: and if I chauce to die
Thou being a lustie widow: thou shalt
will gladly sue to be receiued of thee,
the world is I confesse, I leaue thee poore,
as taking with me all the Jewels thou hast,
And all the coine was giuen me for thy dowry:
But I do leaue thee with a wealthy father,
And one that will not see thee want I know,
Beside thou hast a toynture of such Lands,
as I am born vnto: and therefore feare,
And let me seale thy lips by with this kisse.

Wife. Stay but a day or two and then depart,

D

Stuk.

The famous history

Stuk. are not my souldiers ready : what a shame
were it to send them forward and my selfe
come lagging after like one that fears,
or went unwillingly vnto wars,
as thou respects me talk no more to me.

Wife. Am I so odious that I may not speak,
While I haue listned when you talke ere now,
Whose words had borne the harvest of your hope,
But since to silence I am so iniointed,
I woud my life might likewise haue an end

Stuk. March hence away, or still there will be cast,
Some let or other to detract our hall.

As they are Marching, Enter curteis and Old
Stukly.

cur. Banes a Wod man, late done thy taboz sickes,
And heare me speake, or with my Wnogen dagger
Ile plaie a fit of mirth vpon thy pate.

Why here me Com, here me son Stukly, ha :
What here to dale, and gone to morrow. And
Thy wife laments, canst thou behold her wepe,

Stuk. Sound drums I say : I will not heare a word.

Old Stuk. While thou not hear thy father Graceles Woies.

Stuk. Father, vnlesse you meane I shall be thought
a traitor to her Palesty : a coward,

a slepy dozmouse, and a carpet squire
My ntmy so ; ward summer with sharpe breath,
For intercept my purpose being good.

Old Stuk. I come not to full Boy as a reponer
Of any vertuous action thou intends,
Bot to reprove thy lacke of husbandry,
And the vnchastity courses thou hast vnde,
Learne to be sober, and not rashly thus,
To rush into affaires of such great moment.

Stuk. Father, I know not what you terme rashnes,
But



of Tho. Stukely.

But any time since I was of the skill
Of strength to wield a sword, I was in hart
To be a souldier, and the time now serues,
And now my bow shall be accomplished,
For any thing betwixt my wife and me :
We are agreed : how euer lower chere
Doe at our parting shew the contrary :
If you as well as she can be perswaded,
Why so, if not sound drums I will not heare no more.

Cur. Nay Tom, son Tom, thou art deceiued in me
I am not grieved that thou shouldst serue thy prince,
For doe I take exceptions at thy mind,
So long as honor is thy object Tom,
But that without our knowledge thou departs,
And one the sudden : body of me, tis that
That strikes a discontentment in vs all.

Stuk. I cannot helpe it Sir, with all my hart,
And in all reuerend out of a Son,
I take my farewell : fathers of you both
Thus much intreating if I nere returne,
Ye would haue both a care vnto my wife. Exit

Old Stuk. Well Brother Curtilse hope the best of him
He may returne a comfort to vs all,
And were a not my son I would commend
His resolution, tis heropeall.

Cur. There is no remedy now but patience,
But were the Bargaine to be begin againe,
I would be twise aduised ere I be bestow
My daughter so : ywis, so large a sum,
Is more then I had thought should fly with wings,
Of vaine expences into Ireland.
But all is one, come daughter neuer mourne,
I will not see thee want whilst I do liue.

Old Stuk. I hope she hath the like conceit of me,
Then comfort girl feare no extremity,

Excunt.

Enter

The famous history

Enter Oneale O Hamlon and Neale Mackener.

Oneale. O Hamlon,

Hamlon. O One,

One. I reade softlie on the Stones,
The water tells vs we are nere the towne,
Neale Mackener come on, fixe all our eyes
vpon the walles of this betwixt towne,
that harbours such a sort of English churles,
to see if any signall be set out.

Where we shall enter to surpris Dundalk.

Mackener. Oneale speake softly we are nere the walles,
the English Sentinells do keepe good watch,
if they descry vs all our labours lost.

Ham. Our labour lost, for we can see no signe
of any white that hangeth ouer the wall.

Where we shall enter by our spies with in.

Oneale. A plague vpon the dronkie drunken slaues,
Bryan Mac Phelim, and that Neale O Quyme,
Who being Drunke or sleeping with his Drabs,
Forget the busines that they haue in hand.

Mack. O Neale be patient & suspect the worst,
they maye vnto the English be betrayd,
or else perceiuing strong watch euery where,
Dare not approach the walles or gates for feare.

Ham. Oneale, thy secretary saies very true,
the English knowing all the power so nere,
will be more watchfull then their custome is,
so both our spies and friends dare not assay,
To hang out signall nor come nere the Port.

Neale. Why so it is, I know within Dundalk.
I haue ten friends to ouer the English haue,
I meane of towne men: but sure pollicie
Cannot by might attaine our entrance in.
that we might cut of all the English heads,
Of thers that watch and thers that sleepe in bed.

let



of Tho. Stukely.

let vs withdrawe unto our troupes againe,
to morrow comes O Kane with Gallinglasse,
and teage magermies, with his lightfoot kerne,
then will we not come mching thus by night,
But charge the towne and winne it by day light,
O Hanlon, captaine Harbart shall be thine,
and Wainsfords ransome shall be Mackeners.

Han. Thanks great Oneale.

Mack. Be whist I heare one sir On Coughs within.

Oneale. Some English Soldior that hath got the cough,
He ease that grieve by cutting off his head.

Mack. These English charles die if they lacke there bed,
and bread and beere porrage and potwyled beefe.

Han. O Parasaftot Hamrocks, are no meat,
Nor Bonny clabbo, nor greene Water-cresses,
Nor our strong butter, nor our stweild otmeale,
and drinking water brings them to the fire.

Oneale. It is there nicenes filly puling soles,

Mack. There be of them can fare as hard as we,
and harder too, but drinkers and such like,
as spend there time in ale house sursetting,
And brothell houses quickly catch their Wane,

Oneale. One coughes againe, lets slip aside vnsene,
to morrow we will ease them of their spleen.

Enter Shane Oneale O Hanlon, Neale Mackener softly as
by night.

Onele. O Hanlon.

Hanlon. Owe.

Oneale. Fate is the token & fate siegne that Brian Mack
Phelem said he would hang wt?

Han. I feate I kno not ask the Shecretary.

On. Neale Mackener.

Mack. Best, Oneale best, please too art at the water sad.

On. Fate is the token bodeanagh brene & That I shall see
adare

The famous history

Obare the balles off its Tonne of Dundalk.

Mack. I feat Oneale tho art Saint Patrick his cushin and a great Lord, but thou art not wæze. The siegne is a paire Of fete trouzes, or a fete hurt, or some soere blankoad, To be hang ote ober the balles, san we sall be let in At the lettle Borrh doze by the abbay.

Oneale. Esta clumper, tho talkest to much the English Upon the ball twill heare the, take, seagh bodeaugh Dost thou se any thing fete.

Mack. So by this hand, shan Oneal, we se no feat thing One coughs within.

nan. Cresh blesb vs, so ish tat the coughes.

Mack. Saint Patrick blesb vs we be not betraid.

Oneale. Mackener, Mack Deawle, marasallot art thou a fete lierd kana: With some English churle in the towe That coughes, that is dre, some poad English soulbior has a dre cough, can drinke no water. The English churle dæz If he get not bread and porrage and a hose to le in: but loke is the siegne, ote, seele cut his troate and Help him of his cough san I get into Dundalk.

Mack. Be this hand Oneale der is no siegne, for am asaid Brian Mack Phelemy is wyd his dræpo, and forgeats To hang a siegne or let vs in.

Oneale. So matter come, no noyse tis almost day, softly let vs crape abote by the balles sed ane atwan sone at night Cuen at thuttene of the gates san Ocane and Magennis Come from Carlingford, we will Enter lustily the town Mackener O Hanlou, se will gine you tre captaines to ransom.

(he turs my self

Han. Ze wil take tre prissoners and glue ther to and take

One. Speake softly O Hanlon and golv make, ready wre kerne and Gallinglaste against night, and bid my bagpipre be ready to peep Wallotherie son, for I will sleepe in Dundalk at night. come go back into the fete wes again.

Han. Slave haggat Bryan Mac Phelemy.

Mac.



of Tho. Stukely.

Mack. Slaue lets Korie beg.

Exit.

Enter Herbert at one dore with soldiers, and
Vernon at another.

Harb. God morrow mayster Vernon.

Ver. God morrow Captaine Harbart.

Harb. Is it your ple to be so earlie by
such bigdance both fit vs soldiers best,
and search our garrisons for feare of spies,

Ver. And travellers that ple to walke the rounde,
of euerie Countrey to surbey the world,
must not be frend with sleape and idlenesse.
But in plaine termes I do prevent mine house,
by reason of a gentle mans report
that is a soldier and did walke the round,
Who committing in this morning to his rest,
saide the enimie was about the towne to night.

Lieu. So saide this soldier that stode Sentynele,
nott this last watch at Dawning of the day,
that he did heare hard by the water side,
nere the North gate that opens toward the Fennes,
some trampling on the grauell by and downe:
he did but Cough and thought to call to them,
And they were gon: soldier was it so.

Soul. Yes gouernor I knowe twas Shane Oneale,
they were so whist whilst they were nere the walls,
pray god they haue no spies within the towne.

Harb. Thou prayst too late, the townsmen are spies,
and help and stoxe them with provision,
and loue them better then vs Englishmen.

Ver. It behoues you therefore to be circumspect

Lieu. Feare not you that, He serch the towne my selfe,
and place a double gard at euere gate.
How stands the wind?

Ver. From England very fayre.

Harb.

The famous history

Harb. *What looke for fresh supplies to come from thence
to strength our garrison for it is but weak,*
and we must beare the brunt of all the Port.

Ver. *your men are healthfull.*

Harb. *theres no soldier sick,
But he that drinckes or spends his thrift at dice
Sound a Drume a fare of,
What drume is this?*

Ver. *A Drume without the towne.*

Harb. *Some band of men from England new arriv'd,
or els some Company of the English Pale,
bid Captaine Gainsford guard the Southerne Port:
Toward Tredaghe, and take that Companie in,
Hesee our troups in rebines this day,
for I expect the Irish sounne at night,*

Ver. *What will you do.*

*He to the southerne Port,
to see what Captaine leads this band of men Exiunt*

Harb. *I make ye lieutenant Governoꝝ for the time.*

Enter Stukely, his Lifetenant Auntient Drume
Souldiers and Company.

Stuk. *I misse what Lord is governoꝝ of this towne,
That comes not forth to welcome Stukely in.*

Lieu. *The towne so long he cannot here our Drume,
And if he did he knowes not whose it is?*

Stuk. *Drum, thumpe thy tapshinnes hard about the pate
Drumme sounds Enter Vernon Gainsford and Soldiers.
and make the Ram-heads here that are within:
Zounds who is that Vernon with a partyne,
As he a Souldia? then the Enimies dead.*

Ver. *Is Stukely come? Whom I desire to hunt
and must he needs to Ireland follow me?*

*I will not draw that ayre wherein he breaths,
one kingdom shall not hold vs if I can.*

Game.

of Tho. Stukely.

Gains. Is not this lusty Stukly with his men?

Ver. Yes cap'taine Gainsford this is lusty Tom.

Stuk. These gailants are growne ceremonies,
They stand at gaze as if they knew me not,
Or else they straine a further compliment,
to see if I will baile my bonnet first,
He eat my feather ere I moue my hat,
Before I see their crowns vncovered.

Lieft. Cherish that humor it becomes your post.

Ver. We both expect we should salute him first:

Gains. 'Tis fit we should for he's but new arriv'd.

Ver. Pour welcome into Ireland captaine Stukly.

Stuk. Gramercies maister Vernon and well met,
I did not dream that you professed armes,

Ver. It is not my profession but my pleasure

The Governour being busie in the towne,
I take the Lieutenant Governour for the time.

Gains. Brave captaine Stukely welcom to Dunda'k.

Stuk. Thanks captaine Gainsford even withall my hart.

Stuklies Lieft. deliue's a Letter to vernon.

Ver. Come Lieutenant: from whom I pray ye.

Lieft. From an old friend.

Ver. He's what friend it is.

Stuk. What Enemy lies there nere about this towne?

Gains. The Rebel Shane O'neale and all his power.

Stuk. Why doe ye not beat them home into their dens?

Gains. We haue enough a do to keepe the Towne,

Stuk. To keepe the towne: dare they beleager it?

Gains. I and assaulte it.

Stuk. Hang them savage slaues,

Belike they know you dare not issue out,

Who is Governour here?

Gains. That's Captaine Harbart Sir.

Stuk. Soeath I a hee vnder, mine enemy Governour,
well tis no matter, ye about without him, aside alone.

The famous history

So lone as ere I ſæ him by this light
His maruell hãle indure their pꝛowde approach,
Harbert is valliant : but the ſlaues are pꝛowd,
And haue no boote to fetch woꝛth folloing them.

Gains. Yes captaine Stukly they haue gallant hoꝛſe,
The beſt in Ireland are of Ulſters bꝛæd,
They haue a pray of Carrans coives and cheꝛpe,
Well woꝛth a brace of thouſand pounds at leaſt,

Stuk. Hang coives and cheꝛp, but haue among theꝛ hoꝛſe,
He loſe this head but ſe haue hobbles from them.

What news from England that ye read ſo long To Vernon.

Ver. The largeſt newes concerneſ your ſelfe.

Stuk. Whercin.

Ver. Will Mallerye writts, ye do not loue your wiſe,
You are unkind, you make not much of her.

Stuk. What he I haue not made much of my wiſe,
He tell ye captaine how much I haue made, (To Gainsford.
I haue made away her poꝛtion and her plate,
Her boꝛders, bꝛacelets, chaines and all her Rings,
And all the clothes belonging to her back,
Save one poꝛe gowne, and he that can make moꝛe,
Of one poꝛe wiſe let him take her foꝛ me,

Ver. Well had I knownn you would haue made ſo much,
you ſhould not haue bene troubled with my lone.

Stuk. come, ſtrike by drum, lets march into the towne,

Ver. Well go thy waies a kingdom is ſo ſmal, (Exeunt
Foꝛ his expence that hath ny meane at all, all but Vernon
Doubtles if euer man was miſbegot,
It is this Stukly : of a boundles mind,
Undaunted ſpirit, and uncontrouled ſplæne,
Lauish as is the liquide Deeene,
That drops his crownes even as the clouds drop Raine,
Yet once I loue him better then my ſelfe,
When like my ſelfe too prodigall in loue,
I gaue my loue to ſuch a Prodigall,

of Tho. Stukely.

For which I hate the climate where he liues,
as if his breath infected all the aire,
And therefore Ireland now farwell to thee,
For though thy soile no benime will sustaine,
There treads a monster on thy fruitfull brest,
If any shipping bee for Spaine or Fraunce,
A hord will I and seeke some further chaunce.

Enter herbert in a shirt of male and Booted,
and his Page with him.

Herb. Boy, bid the Seriant Pass that the gates,
And see them guarded with a double ward,
That done, bid him commaund the companies,
To man the walles: then bid the messenger
Hast with these letters to the Deputy.

Exit Page

Enter Stukly.

Come captaine Stukly whers your campay,
Draw then with speede vnto the water Port.

Stuk. Is there for euery one a Tankerd there?

Herb. How do you meane a Tankerd?

Stuk. Sir in brieve,

I made a bow you know it well inough,
For your kind speeches to my wiues old Dad,
Sir Thomas Curteis: that wheresoeuer we met
I would fight with you, therefore your toles, (he Drawes.

Her. What were my speeches?

Stuk. That the old knight had cast awaie his Daughter
when ye perceind she was bestowd on me.

Har. I spake those wordes, and thou hast proued them true

Stuk. and for those wordes Harbert ile fight with you

Har. Kall hape braind Stuklie, know thou what thou dost
to quarrell in a towne of Garrison,
and Draw thy wepon on the Gouernor?

Stuk. Zounds haue ye logick to defend your skin,
Lay by your tricks and take you to your toles,
think ye your Gouernors tittle's rapier p'ose,

Exit

Harb,

The famous history

Harb. Come, come, vntrusse put off those coward shifts
Stukley thou knowst I am a soldier,
And hate the name of coward coward to death,
I tell thee but the discipline of war.

Stuk. Gods, you may hang us then by the law,
By law of manhood here I challenge thee,
Lay by thy terms and answer like a man.

Harb. Thou seest the publique enemy is at hand,
And we shall fight about a private brawl.

Stuk. No: Shall that shift Tom Harbart serue thy turne.

Harb. Then giue me leave but to disarm me my selfe,
Thou knowst I couer it haue ods of ante man.

Stuk. Disarme of what? of shole boies haberdaines
Such as they call at points in euer ströte?
So arme thy legs, put splinters in thy bootes,
cask on thy head, and gantles on thy hands,
Would thou wert armed in piddle pisse compleat,
And nothing bare but euen thy berie lips,
I hold my head ile hurt thee in thy month,
Laid by thy scar-crow name of Gouvernor,
And arme thee els vnto a fingers breadth.

Harb. Brauing braggart since thou dost seeke thy death
Loke to thy selfe ile speed thee if I can. They fight.

Stuk. Sir your teeth blades this picktooth is to keene,

Drum soundeth and a Bagpipe.

War. Hark the enemies charges we must to the walles,
another time ile pick your teeth as well

Stuk. Euen when ye can, I said I would bit your mouth.

Exeunt Ambo: Alarum is sounded, diuers excursions,
Stukly persues, shano Oneale, and Neale Mackener,
And after a good pretty fight his Lieftenant and
Auntient rescue Stuklie, and chace the Ireshe out.
Then an excursion berwixt Herbert and O Hanlon, and
so a retreat sounded. Enter Harbart, Gainsford, and
some souldiers on the walles.

her.



of Tho. Stukely.

har. Are all the gates and Posternes closd againe.

Gai. I every one, and strong gards at them all.

har. Who would haue thought these naked sauages,
These Postherne Irish durst haue bene so bold,
I haue giuen assaulk vnto a warlike towne?

Gains. Our suffrance and remissenes giues them hart,
We make them proud by melting by our selues,
In walled towne, whilst they triumph abroad
and Rebel in the countrey as they please.

harb. Well Seriant Maioz we will star abroad,
This suddaine fallie was perfozmd as men,
It cut three hundred rebells throats at least,
And did discomfite and disperse them all.

Gains. Had we persude we had tane a lusty pray.

harb. Yes & tis night, and time we should retire,
To guard the towne, but hark what drum is this:
Are any of our company without?

Gains. Tis lustie Stukley if any be abroad,
He is so eager to persue the foe,
And flesh his souldiers that are new arriade,
that he forgot or heard not the retreat,
At which gate shall he enter Gouernoz?

harb. He shall not enter, give me all the keyes,
He teach him dutie and true discipline

Enter Stukly Lieftenant: Auncient Drum and soldiers, &
noies within of druing beasts.

Stuk. Are the gates shut already? open how.

herb. Who knocks so boldly?

Stuk. Ha? who's that aboue?

her. Herbert the Gouernoz, who is that below?

Stuk. Stukley the captaine, knocks to be let in.

herb. Stukley the captaine comes not in to night.

Stuk. How? not to night? I am sure ye do but iest.

herb. I do not vse to iest in these affaires.

Stuk. Ye do not iest and I must stay without,

The famous history

I trust youll let my companie come in in,
For company, no? Captaine comes in here,
untill the morning that the gates be ope.

Stuk. We humble thank ye honorable Sir:
What if the Irish should make head, againe,
and set vpon vs woulde ye rescue vs,

Harb. No why retired ye not at the retreat,
As did my selfe and all the other troupes,

Stuk. Because I ment not to come empty home,
But bring some booty to enrich my men,
Besides in prosecution we have slaine
Two hundred Irish since ye left the chace,
And brought a prey for hundred colles at least
Forty chiefe horse, a hundred hatkneps Jades
and yet the Governour will not let vs in.

Harb. No sir I will not and will answer it.
If all your throats be cut you are well serud,
To teach ye know the discipline of warre.
There is a time to fight a time to cease,
a time to watch, a time to take your rest,
a time to open and to shut the Ports,
and at this time Stukley the gates are shut,
and till a full time shall not be ope.

Stuk. Solomon saies with words mild.
Spare the rod and spill the child,
Wholsome instruction, godly discipline:
This is a simple piece of small revenge.
But this I vow who shut mee out of by night,
shall neuer see me enter heere by daie.
Will ye sir let the pray taken in,
For feare the Irish rescue yt againe.

Gains. Twere pittie Sir to lose so good a pray,
And greater pittie but to lose one man.

Harb. You may let in the pray. But keepe them out,

Stuk. Nay Seriant Payor: White liued lout,

of Tho. Stukely.

Dost thou respect a bullock or a Jade,
More than a man to Gods owne liknes mad?
Harbart. Thou getst not one cow to thy share,
Nor a owes taile, vnles as Cacus, did,
I by the taile could draw one from the heard,
And cast her at thy head the hornes and all.

Herb. So make youz Cabane vnderneath the wall,
And so god night.

Ruk. Farewell go pick your teeth, Excunt Harb and Gains
How glad am I my trunkes are yet aboard,
Listenant, Antieut, Fellow foldiers all,
I would we might not part but needes we must,
Tom Stukely Can not brooke the least disgrace.
To night Ile hyde such venture as you shall
Lets man the bridge, the water flows apace,
If the enimie come he dare not passe the foud
So on this side we with our praye are safe.
How many Cowes shall fall vnto my share.
Lief. all if ye please, your haloz compassed all.

Ruk. Shall all the cowes be mine, Ile not haue one.
Thirtie chiese horse if you will let me haue,
Two shippe from hence to seke a better coast. His Purse.
Share that amongst ye, theres a hundred pound,
and two moneths pay thats due vnto my selfe.
I glue you franklie, drink it for my sake.

Lief. But Captaine will you leaur this land indred

Ruk. Before the son the morning doth salate
Ile see my hobbies safely sent aboard,
Then follow I that scoone to be con trould,
Of any man thats meaner then a king,
farewell Oneale, if Stukely here had staid,
thy head for treason, soone thou shouldst haue paid.

Enter Oneale with a halcer Excunt.

about his neck, and Neale Mackener after him.

Mack. Oh what intends the great Oneale by this?

Neale

The famous history

Oneale. Neale Mackener, I do not weare this cōrd,
as doubting or fordooming such a dea h,
but thou who art my Secretarpe, knowst
that my vnkind Rebellions merite more:
Wherefore I beare this hatefull cōrd in signe
of true Repentance, of my treasons past,
and at the Deputies foete on humble knees
will sue for pardon from her maiesties:
Whose Clemencie I grieve to haue abused,
What sayest thou: is it not my safest course,

Mack. Can I belieue that mighty shane Oneales
Is so defect in corage as he seemes
or that his dauntles dragon winged thought,
can humble them at any Princes foete.

Oneale What can I do my forces are dispersed,
my kindred Rayne, my hōses made a praye,
Oane, O hanlon, and Magennis kild,
If the Quēnes power pursue I am but dead,
If I submit she is mercifull
Our Deputy will graunt me life in her behalfe.

Mack. Thou canst not tell the state offended stands
And thou condemnd in euery subjects eie,
And I am censured for my practises,
Rather retire thee into Chungeboy.
Where Alexander and Mack Gilliam Buske,
May turne their Scots vnto thy scattered troups,
And reünforce the English with fresh power,
If not at least thy life is safe with them:
Untill thy friends may reunite themselves.

Oneale. I would embrace thy counsell but I feare
The wrongs that I haue done vnto the Scots,
Sticks in the brest of Alexander Oge,
And he will take occasion of Reuerge.
Enter Alexander Oge and maister Gillian Buske two Scots
put it in proue for here comes he and Busk.
Call off thy cōrd let not them see thy shame,

of Tho. Stukely.

Alex, Gilliam the newes are true of great Oneale.
Dundaikie hath dasht his pride and quelled his power.

Busk. Occasion offers vs a faire Reuenge,
For our dære couzen yong Mack Agnus death.

Alex. Who'le take reueng on weknes thats deprest?

Busk. Who'le let his kinsmans blond vnmreaked rest.

One. Do they not see vs? or disdain to see vs?

Mack. Salute them kindly.

One. Gentlemen good day

Alexander Mack Surlo and maister gillam Buske,
Fortune hath frownd vpon your friend Oneale,
My troups are beaten, by the English power,
If therfore you will ioyne your Scotische aide,
With the remainder of my followers,
Your means may make recovery of my losse,
And you shall bind Oneale to quit your ioue.

Alex. how can a Rebelle or a traitor hope
Of good successe against his soueraigne:
Awhile perhaps he may disturbe the state,
And dam himselfe but at the last he falls.

Mack. I thought thou hadst despisd the English churles.

Busk. Admit he did, how can he lone Oneale,
But chiefly thee that was the counsellor,
To cut of yong Mack Agnus our dære conzen.

Mack. Not my aduise but his too saucy braues,
To great Oneale, did cause his cutting off.

Busk. Speake such another word Ile cut thy throat,
Thou traterous Rebelle Mackener.

One. Mack gilliam Buske bpbzaide not Neale Mackener,
I did the deed and hold it was well done,
Because he bzau'd me in my owne command,

Alex. as thou dost vs now in our owne command,
For insteyping offe soule a fact,
here is reuenge traitors haue at you both.

They Draw and fight, Oneale Flies, Alexander pursues

ff

him

The famous history

him out : Busk and Mackener fight and Mack. is slaine.
Fliest thou thou traitorous coward Shane Oneale,
I am too light a foote to let thy scape. (Exit after Oneale,

Busk. Hee say your flight, you shall not follow him,

Mack. I meant it not proud overweaning Scot.

Busk. hane at thee then rebellious Irishman,
They fight Mack. is slaine. Enter Alex. with Oneales head.

Alex. I see we are victors both, Mack Gilliam Busk.

Here is the head of traitorous Shane Oneale.

Busk. And here is his bloudie Secretarie head.

Alex. No force ; this head for present will I send,

To that most noble English deputie,
that ministers Justice as he were a God,
and guards his vertue like a liberal king,

This gratefull present may procure our peace,

And so the English fight and our feare may cease

Busk. And may all Irish that with treason deale,
Come to like end or worse then Shane Oneale. Exeunt.

Enter Hernand with stuklie brought in with Bils,
and halberds to them the Gouvernors wife.

Ruk. Had I known thus much Governour I would haue
burnt my ships in the haven before thy face and hane fed
Haddockes with my horses.

Gou. Is thou and all thou hast at my dispose and dost deny
me upon cortesie : what I may take whether
thou wilt or no. Stukly if thou be cole so
He make thee know a Governour of Wales.

Ruk. Governour, will nothing but five of my horses serve
your turne, Sirra thou gets not one
of them, and a haire would save thy life : if I had
as many horses as their be stones in the Island
Thou shouldst not haue one of them.

Gou. Know Stukly too
It had bene thy duty to haue offerd them
and glad that I would grace thee to accept them,

what

of Tho. Stukely.

What is he that dares thrust into this harbor,
And not make tender of his goods to me.

Stuk. Why then know Gouvernor, here is once one that
dares thrust into this harbor:

That will not make thee tender of a mite,
Nor cares not of a haire how thou dost take it,
I will not give one of my hobbles for thy government.

Gou. I will be answerable to thee for thy horses,

Stuk. Dost thou keepe a tole? Woth: sounds dost thou
make a horse cosser of me.

Gou. Nay Sirra then ile lay you by the heels,
And I will haue them enery heise of them:

Stuk. Thou getst no so much as a naile of one of them
No, if thou wouldest draw it with thy teeth,
If you doe, ile clenche it with your scalp,

Enter the Gouvernors wife.

Gou. Call me the Prouost heither presently one goes:
Lady to one. Sirra is this the English gentleman
Of the attendants. Which brought the horses.

Ser. Madom it is he: this is the man:

Lady. How do they call him:

Ser. His seruants say, his name is Signeor Stukly.

Lady. Now by my troth and as I am a Lady Aside
I neuer saw a fairer Gentleman
I would it lay in my power to do him good.

Enter the Prouost.

Gou. Sirra as I haue seizd your ships and horses,
so I commit your Body vnto prison,
Vntill his highnes pleasure shall be knowne,
Prouost lay Irons vpon him and take him to
your charge.

Lady. Well well, for all this, might I haue my will,

Aside. In faith his entertainment should be better.

Stuk. You muddy slave, you may by your power do a
little,

The famous history

Little but ile call you to a reckoning for
This Scere, and Sirra see a horse be not
Lacking if he be : ile make that on thy bare
Feets, lead him in a halter after me to
The furthest paze of spaine.

Gouer. So to, thou art a base pirat.

Stuk. Sirra muchacho : you that haue eaten a horse
And his taile hangs out of your mouth, you lie.
All that thou canst do, shall not get a horse,
If saint Iaques your saint want a horse,
he should not get one of them : he should go
A foote else all the dales of his life.

By this flesh and blond, Ile make thee repent it.

Gou. Away with him. Exit Stukley.

Lady. Yet god my Lord consider what you do
Surely the confidence of this mans spirit,
Shewes that his blood is either great or noble,
Or that is fortunes at his owne command.

Gou. I hold him rather to be some desprat pirat,
That thinks to domanyer vpon the Land
As he is bide amongst his mates at Sea.
Besides, its little disgrace to bear his braues,
here where your power is absolute and free,
And where he wholly stands at your dispose,
Then in a place indifferent to either,
And where you both should stand in equall termes.

Gou. If I did prize his honor with mine owne,
Then wile perhaps I might allow your reason,

Lady. Besides perhaps they may be for a present,
Which now his hate, restraines him to disclose,
Which should they be to any prince of Spaine,
how til it may be taken at your hands.

Gou. This his committing giues some cause to doubt,
I care not, were they sent vnto the Deuill,
Where the commission of my Government,

giues



of Tho. Stukely.

giues me as much as I demand of him,
To morrow Ile vnto the couste my selfe :
to day I haue some busines in the Ile.
and shall be euehing ere I do retorne, Exit gouernoz,

Enter Prouest.

Lady. Prouest,

Pro. madame.

Lady. where haue you yet bestowd this gentleman

Pro. madam hee here within the pallace yet,

Ready to goe vnto the marshalsey,

He had bene gone but that vpon some busines,

I come to know his honoys pleasure in :

And he is gone: but Prouest since your prisoned,

Is not departed I pray thee bzing him hether,

Ile see if by perswasion I can win him,

To yeeld and to submit vnto my Lord.

Pro. Madam I will, He fetcheth him in.

lady. I thanke you : giue vs leaue a little.

Faire gentleman: but that it is too late

To call back yesterdaie I would haue wisht :

That you had dealt moze kindly with my Lord,

Sir it should seme you haue bene vnaquainted,

With the hot blouds and Temper of our Climate,

And with a Spaniards noble disposition,

Whereas your kind submission might haue wrought

What your high spleene and courage cannot doe.

Stuk. Faire courteous Lady, had your beatiuous selfe
Askt any thing : a noble English hart,

had made you mistres of your owne desires,

But to be threatned and subiected by him

Wounds first ile fray him out on's gouernment,

And bee his very marrow in his Bones.

Thinks he because I am fallen into his hands,

I feare his power, bloudile stare his eies out first,

he lookes not one the Sun I dare not braue.

The famous history

I am Stukly let him know my name,

Lady. Woe gentle man: yet I could have wisht

I had but borne of counsell with your thoughts,

But without breach or touch of modesty

Even for the love I beare unto your country,

My honoꝝ kept vnbaind which I protest,

I prize beyond the thing I hold the dearest,

Command what ever lieth in my power,

To comfort you in this extremitie.

Stuk. Madam; how much your noble Spanish courtier
hath power in me,

A faithfull English hart shall manifest,

And I will be the champion of your honoꝝ!

Where ever I become in christendome.

Lady. Yes know a Lady of spaine can be as kind,

as any English woman of them all,

What is it Signoꝝ I can helpe you with

Stuk. my liberties the thing I most desire.

Lady. That presently I cannot warrant you,

But I will laboꝝ for it to my Lord,

With all the means my wits can all devise,

Stuk. When this Madam: might I possibly obtaine, but

To worke some meanes for me, by your best endeouers

That I may have but one of my horses that I

Will chase, and but respit for one day to

ride a little way, vpon some earnest busines,

Now in the absence of your husband, and as I

am a souldioꝝ and a gentleman, and by the honoꝝ

Of my Nation: I will come back by the prefixed houre.

lady. Sir should I devise some means for the accomplish

ment of your desire, and that it should come to my husbands

Care before your returne: I should harken

for your coming back, besides if by this meanes,

you should seeke to escape greater treasons

Might be objected, then I hope you are guiltie of,

and

of Tho. Stukely.

and what Danger both my life, and honoz might incur
I Immagin you are not Ignozant.

Stuk. Hadam, if all your wits can but hide
It but from your husband, if he should come before
I returne, for the other I dare payne my
Soule to you, that I will hold my word.

lady. Goe too, mine honor and life is your halfe let your
Returne be five a clock in the evening, I
Will once truste an Englishman on his word. (Exeunt.)

Enter King Phillip with him Alua and Sancto

Dauila, with them the Portingall ambassador,

Phil. Speake reuerend intercessoz for the State
Of young Sebastian, king of Portingall,
What craves our deare intire beloued cunslr,
Wherein we may befriend his Paic tie?

Bor. First sacred king the Soueraigne of my faith,
And Portugals vndoubted supream head,
Doeth kindly greet your highnes in all lone,
Pert on behalfe of your respectiue care,
And the league-bound of naturall amitie,
Which he mistrusts not: but combines ye both
as being kinsmen he intrets this boone:
That whereas lately from the king of Fez,
Muly Mahamet, to my royall maister,
Hath honorable ambassage bene sent
And great intreaty made to craue his aide,
against Mullucco brother to that king,
Who now intruds vpon Mahamets bounds,
and building on his princelike age,
and inequality of matchles strength,
Strives to deprive him of his diadem,
It would seme good vnto your princely selfe,
as in the like we shall be readie still,
at spaines intreatie to assist my lordes,
With some such necessarie strength of war,

The famous history

As in this action may conclude a peace,
to Portugalls great profit and renowne.

Phil. are then Molucco and his brother king,
at civil mutinie among themselves:

Bot. They are my Lord, and many wofull daies
th' afflicted Barbary hath suffered spoile,
and bin a prey vnto her naturall Subjects.

Phil. The right is in Molucco: wherefore then
Would Prince Sebastian ayde the other part?
Beside, Mahamet is an Infidell,
From whose associate fellowship in this
and all things else we Christians must reframe.

Bot. Grace but his reasons with your milde conceit,
Wherein he grounds his lawfull resolution,
and mighty Philis you shall quickly find
this his intent to be most honourable:
Not for regard of any supream claim
the sterne Mahamet layes vnto the Crowne,
Nor any Justice that in his behalfe
May be presume vpon, both stout Sebastian
Asst to this motion, but for honours sake,
For Portugals chiefe good, and to aduance
the christian true Religion through those parts,
As he inclinde to undertake this war.

Phil. How can that be: acquaint vs with your meaning.

Bot. This worthy king: tis not vnknowne to you,
that diuers townes and citties situate
Within the borders of rich Barbary,
Which king Emanuell conquered by his sword
and left appropriate still to be enjoyde,
of such as should be kings in Portugall.
Or, but by this preuention like to fall,
and be confiscate to the Moore againe,
but by an army thither brought in time,
not only these great citties shall be kept,

but

of Tho. Stukely.

But raising this Mahamet to the crowne,
And quite distinguishing his brothers claime
When we haue planted him : and that by vs,
The cuntrey is subdued and kept in awe,
We shall not only still retaine our own
But for Mahamet to subscribe to vs,
And either he and his change their faith,
and worship that eternall god we doe,
and disannulling be disploed of life,
And so assume the Government our selues.

Phill. This tastes of honoz and of pollicie
Might yt with like successe bee brought to passe.

Bot. With your assistance : theres no doubt my lord
But what we haue imagin'd shall ere long,
be truely and effectually perform'd.

Phill. J, But Mulluccos Army doth consist
Of Deadlye Turkes and Warlike Sarazens,
As much to be suspected in this case.

Bot. What can they do'though great their number be
When for their single force we come in strength,
Of Spaine, of Portugall and Barbarye.

Phill. Your reasons haue preuailed, what power is it
Our louing cousin doeth request of vs.

Bot. Of horse and foote indifferently commixt,
Only ten thousand will supply his want.

Phill. (Borellio, so I take it you are cald)
Giue place a while till with our faithfull lord,

We haue aduise vs better on the cause,
and then you shall haue answer presently.

Now you supporters of our royall state, Exit Bot.

Alua : and Sanct Danulo, breifely thewe,

What your opinion is touching the sute

Of neighboring Portugals same-thirstie king.

Alua. That he attempts an enterprise vpon leige,
Will sooner breake his necke then make him great,

The famous history

Da. That hereby if occasion be laid hold on,
That Spaine and Portugal shall be unite,
And you the Soueraigne ruler of them both
Phil. Expreſſe thy meaning Danulo in that point,

Da. It ſhall not need I ſtand on circumſtance,
Your highnes knowes Sebastian once remoude,
The way is open ſoly for your ſelfe,
Either by force or by corrupting gold,
To ſtep into the thron, now for a meane
To cut him off: to what better way than this,
To ſoother his purpoſe and to draw him on
With expectation of a ſtrong ſupply,
But when he is ſet forth vpon his way,
And left his countrey that without reproach,
And ſcandall to his name, he cannot retire,
Then to proclaim on paine of ſpeedy death,
That not a Spaniard ſeeme to ioyne with him,
So landed once in deſart Baberie,
His weakened ſouldiours and himſelfe at once,
Shall fall before Mulluccos conquering ſword.

Alua. Meane ſpace to coulor your intent the better,
Suffer your men as if you meant to aide him,
But with theſe men alone as he is gone,
Approach the borders of faire Portugal,
That if it chaunce Sebastian doe ſeruiſe,
The pagans ſword: yet in his abſence we
May enter his dominions ſack his towne,
And take poſſeſſion of the realme by force.

Da. Withall diſpatch, embaffadoys to Rome,
And forthwith to intreat the Popes aduice,
Who in no wiſe before hand we are ſure,
Will licenſe any chriſtian potentate,
To traffick or conuerſe with heathen kings,
And ſo his prohibition may excuſe,
And ſerue to cloake your breach of promiſe with.

When

of Iho. Stukely.

When tis perceiued you doe do not aide Sebastian
Phil. You counsell well and fitting our desire,
That many yeares haue wisht that portingall,
And fruitfull Castile bring one continent,
Had likewise bin the subiect of one Scepter,
Call for:th th'ambassider as you haue said.

Enter Bottella.

So will we dally with our countines suite,
My Lord Botellio we haue watghd th effect
Of your imballage and in nature bound,
Beside the affection of nere neighbour-hood,
To do our kin man and your noble king,
All offices of kindnes that we can,
Tel him from vs we onely not commend,
His hauty mind in this attempt of his,
But his discret and politike proceeding,
And will therein so further his intent,
Aide him with twice fife thousand armed souldiours,
And fiftie gallies all well furnished,
Which on the fourth of June nere to the Straights,
Of Giberalter in a haueu there,
Called Ell Porto de Sancto Maria,
Shall waite his comming on toward Apherica.
So wishing him a happy prosperous brother,
In all we may, we lue to do him good.

Bot. Thanks to the high and migh'ty king of Spaine,
Stuk. Lord Sancto Danulo, bring him on his way. (Exit
and Alua now what thinke ye of this plot. Botel, Danulo.
Is it not too seuer, ambitious
and more deceitfull than he comes a king.

Alua. a kingdomes thirst hath to despence my Lord,
With any rigo: or extremity.
and that which in meane men would seeme a fault,
as leaning to ambition or such like,
Is in a king but well becoming him.

The famous history

Upon my life your gate hath well resolved
And howsoever bulger with repine.
yet regall maiesty muste haue his course.

Enter Danulo.

Phil. Danulo: what newes you are so sone returned?

Da. A gallant Englishman my gracious Lozd,
Haughty in looke and haughty in his busines
But now arri'd at the court gate,
Earnestly craves admittance to your presence.

Phil. An English Gentleman let him draw nere.

Enter Stukly.

Stuk. Right high and mighty: if to kings in state,
And sacredly annointed it belong
To minester true iustice and redress
the poore oppressed stranger, then from the
Renowned Phillip, that by birth of place,
Wholles the Sceptre of a Royall lung,
Stukley a souldier and a Gentleman,
But neither like a souldier nor a man,
Of some of thy unworthy subiects handled:
Doeth challenge Justice at thy sacred hands,
And succour gainst oppression offered him.

Phil. Oppression offered and by some of ours.

Stuke Yes royall Phillip and in some respect
The vile abuse doth touch your maiesty.

Phil. Stand by and tell the manner of thy griefe
And on our royall name we promise thee,
The offender shalbe sharply punished.

Alas, A lustie man beloue me of his times.

Da. And as knightly in his talke beside,

Stuk. Thus kingly Phillip hauing serud of late,
Vnder my princes army in the field,
against the rude rebellious Irish: where
Upon desire to trauell and especially,
Upon affection that I had to see

your



of Tho. Stukely.

your princely court so honorably famed :
As also to make tender of my loue,
and deutyous seruice to your maiesty,
Shipping my selfe with other private goods
Which I had purthast by my diute of sword,
I came to Cales : where landed with my pray,
In number thirtie hobbies for the shore,
One Don Herando there your goueenor,
attacheth both my ship and all therein,
and though I tell them that the hobbies were,
a present for your grace and for that cause,
I thither brought them, yet the becuill Lord,
Because he might not haue one horse of them,
To his owne vse, clapt irons one my heeles,
and in a dungeon like a grapple churle,
I think his purpose was to famish me,
But that by straung aduerture and good hap,
I scapt his tirant fingers : hoping here,
If I might once get oportunitie,
To let your highnes vnderstand thereof,
I should find remedy against his wrong.

Phil. Haue we such base ignoble substitutes,
That dare so hanously oppresse a stranger,
and such a one as came to offer vs,
The bounty of his hart in friendly gifts :
Let there be sent a messenger forthwith
To bring the wretch to answer his abuse,
and Stukley welcome to king Phillips court,
Repose thy selfe : then shalt haue right with me,
and satio: to againe thine enemye.

Stuk. I thank your Maiesty : but must intreat.
You would vouchsafe to pardon me in this
I needs must back againe to cales my Lord.

Phil. Be not afraid, thy goods shalbe purloyned,
Theres not a mite but he shall bring it forth.

The famous history

Of his owne purse make it good to thee,

Stuk. It is not that and please your Paletty,

But I haue past my word I will returne,

And Sinkley holds his promise as religion,

Phil. Well then my Lord of Alua giue in charge,

Some of our pentioners attend on him,

To bring Herando hether safely guarded,

Alua. It shall be done my Lord.

(Exe

Enter Prouost and Gouernors wife.

Pro. What shall we doe, the time drawes on,

The English captaine promitt to returne,

But yet he comes not: if my Lord should misse him

My life were lost, your credit thereby crakt,

Lady. Content the Prouost: such apparant sign.

Of manly disposition, shine in him,

Of valor, gentry, and what not beside,

As I presume if he remaine aliu,

He will returne at his prefixed houre:

As yet the respite that was graunted him,

Is not expired I doe not doubt ere then,

But he will rid vs of the feare we are in.

Pro. Had we but Padgam, known which way he went,

Or had himsele tolde vs of the place,

To which he purposed to make his Journey,

Where had bene yet some comfort and some hope,

But ignorant of both how can we chuse,

But be suspicious and almost despaire.

Lady. Thou talkest absurdly: had we known the place

The cause which made him and which way he went,

What thanks were that to vs to let him goe,

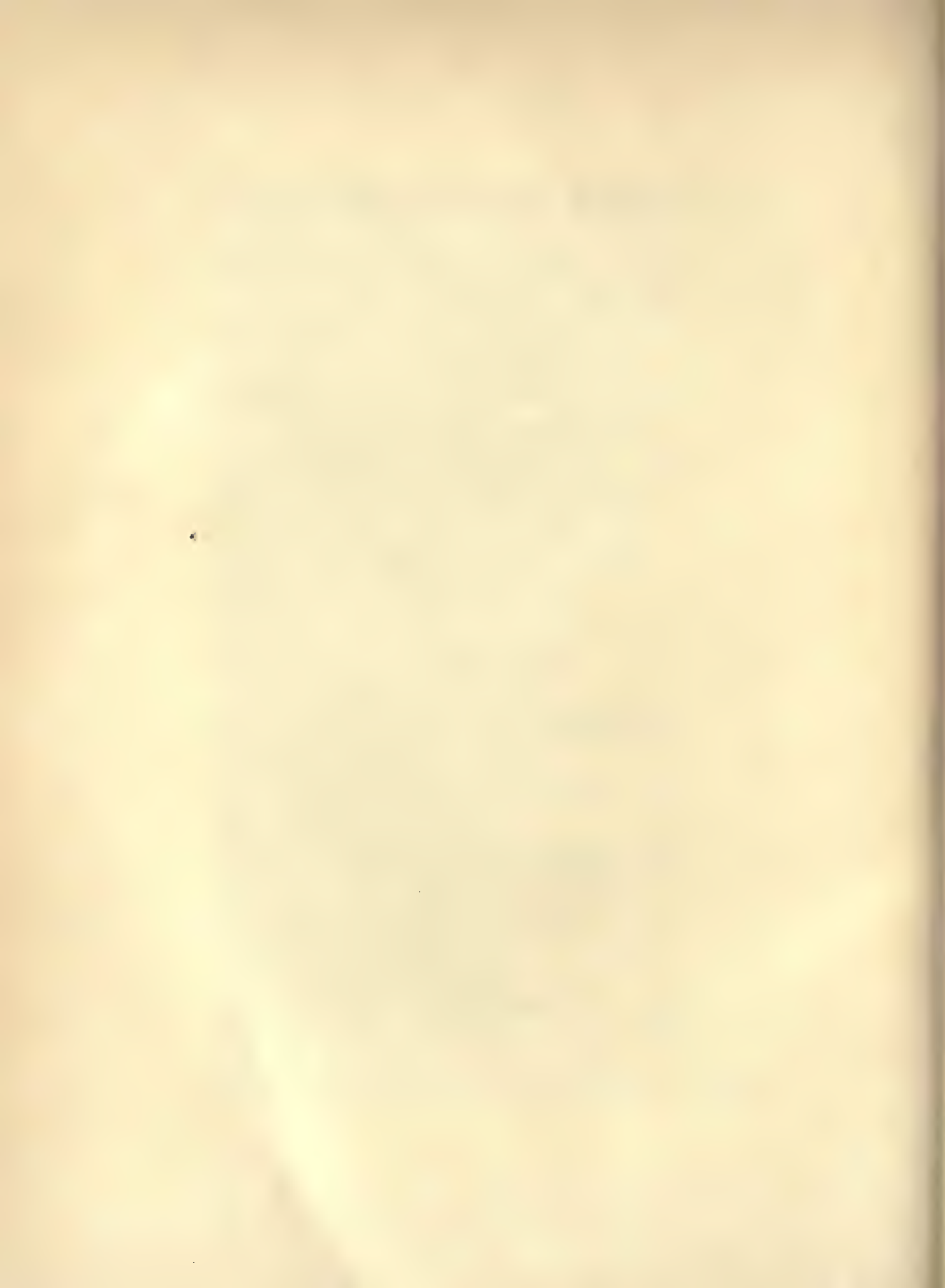
Where we were sure to find him out againe,

Or how should tryall of his faith appeare,

In matters of no waight or geopardy:

Now being so that of our free accord,

Withut the least respect but to his promise,



of Tho. Stukely.

He was dismiss and that he clearely say,
Tis at his charge to stay on his returne,
And yet will unconstrained keepe his bow,
approoves him true by loyall, be truely louing.

Pro. If I be cald in question for his absence,
Maddam I must relie upon your wit,

Enter Herando,

Lady. Be that thy refuge here Herando comes.

Her. Prouost I haue bethought me at the last,
How to dispose of Stukley and his goods,
part of his horses I will giue the king,
and part I will bestow vpon my friends,
To these conditions if he condescend,
I am content he shall haue libertie,
and he, his ship, and men be so discharg'd.
But other wise ile cause his ship be sunke,
and he and his as pyrates suffer death.
Wherefore go fetch him to me presently,
I may be certaine if he le yeld or no.

Pro. Oh Maddam I am stricken dum and dead:
What shall I answer to my Lords demaund.

Lady. Be not so fearfull least thy guilty looks,
argue suspicion of some treachery,

Her. Doe it heare me Prouost fetch me Stukley forth,

Lad. Make it as though thou vnderstands him not.

Her. Maddam what whispers he into your eare,
that he neglects to do as I commaund.

Lady. He telles me my Lord: the English captaine,
Is growne submisse and very tractable,
and of himselfe is ready to resigne,
as much as you require to haue of him,
and that euen now after his counsell heard,
How best he might craue pardon: of his pride,
His stiffe resistance, and abautious words,
Where to he answerd that his readiest way,

was

The famous history

Was by petition to Sollicite you,
and so he tels me, that he left him studying,
How to intend some quaint conceited method,
Might draw Remorse from your displeased mind.

Her. Is he Prouost, become flexible?

Pro. Exceeding mild and penitent my Lord,

Her. I thought his stomach would come down at last,
So bid him saue a labor with his pen,
and tell him we are here, let it suffice
If with his tongue he do recant his fault.

Lady. May let him write for writing will remaine
When words but spoken may be soone forgot,
It makes the better on your side my Lord,
That vnderneath his hand it shall appeare,
By his consent and not by your constraint,
he made surrender of his prize to you,
So shall the world what after chaunce to fall,
Cleere your extortion and abuse.

Her. It cannot be but he hath done ere this,
I prethee see: much matter in few lines,
Is quickly cougth by one of meaner wit,

Lady. It were not good to trouble him so soone.

Her. I will not subiect my desire herein,
and wait vpon his leisure look I say.

lady. Without some cunning shift we are brdone. Aside.

Her. Why stais thou Prouost when I bid thee go.

lady. With draw thy selfe to satisfie his mind,

Pro. Helpe my excuse, sweet Madam, if I faile.

lady. Let me alone: my lord, how glad am I,
There shalbe now ettonement of this strife,
and that this English gentleman is pleasde.
To yeld obedience and pour selfe as willing
To be appeasd at his humilaty.

Her. I tell thee wise he stonpt in happy time,
Or all submission else had come to late,

Enter



of Iho. Stukely.

Enter Prouost.

Where is he Prouost : will he come to vs :

lady. Is he not yet returned.

Pro. Naddam not yet.

(Aside.

lady. When doe I feare our plot will be discourred.

Her. Why speak I not man : where is thy prisoner :

Pro. He hath not yet my Lord set downe his mind,
he doeth intreat your honor stape awhile,
and he will then haue made an end of all.

Her. He walte no longer one his maister ship,
Giue me the key ile fetch him forth my selfe,

lady. What will you do, you fetch him forth your selfe,
I would not that for all the wrack in spaine,
will you so much annoie your vitall powers,
as to oppresse them with the prison stinke,
You shall not : if you loue me come so nere :
The place is most talke infected latelie,
and as the Prouost telles me others die,
Of straug deseases, and no longer since
than the last morning, two were buried thence :
aske him me Lord if this be true or no.

Pro. It is most certaine there are many sicke,
and therefore good my Lord refraine the place.

Her. Unlesse thou bring him straight way to my sight,
For daunger noz intreatie shall preuaile,
But I will enter at the doore my selfe.

lady. See once againe it may be his come,
Meane space ile hold him with some other talks. (Aside

Pro. Do gentle Naddam.

lady. If he be not come,
protract the time as much as in the lies.

Pro. He tarrie long though : nere doubt of that.

Her. Surra before thou go : bring him forth,
Dz loke to he in irons as he doth.

lady. I haue not sene you often times my Lord,

B

So

The famous history

So out of patience and so far from quiet,
You were not wont in things as great as this,
But that you would be perswaded by my words.

Her. I cannot tell how I may thinke of you,
Your busping of your selfe so much herein,
and speaking for this Englishman so oft,
makes me suspect more then I thought to do.

lady. suspect as how, that I doe fauor him,
Or ist your meaning that I go about.
To set him free, your best accuse me flatly,
That I haue taught him here to breake the prison,
Is this the recompence for my good will,
Haue I this thanke for being Prouident,
and carefull for your health: go where you will,
suspect thy selfe and me, cut short thy daies
Do any thing that may disparage you,
hereafter I will learne to hold my tongue.

Her. how now my loue, what angry for a word:
lady. haue I not reason when you grow suspicious,
Of me that am your selfe your bolome friend.

Her. I prethe be content I meant no harme,
I know thou wouldst not preiudice my state,
to be the emperesse at all as here (Now he comes.)

Enter Stukly in Gyues.

lady. then do I cast of feare,
and whilst I live hereafter will I trust,
an Englishman the better for his sake.

Her. Wheres the submission that ye told me of,
call ye this repentance for his payde.

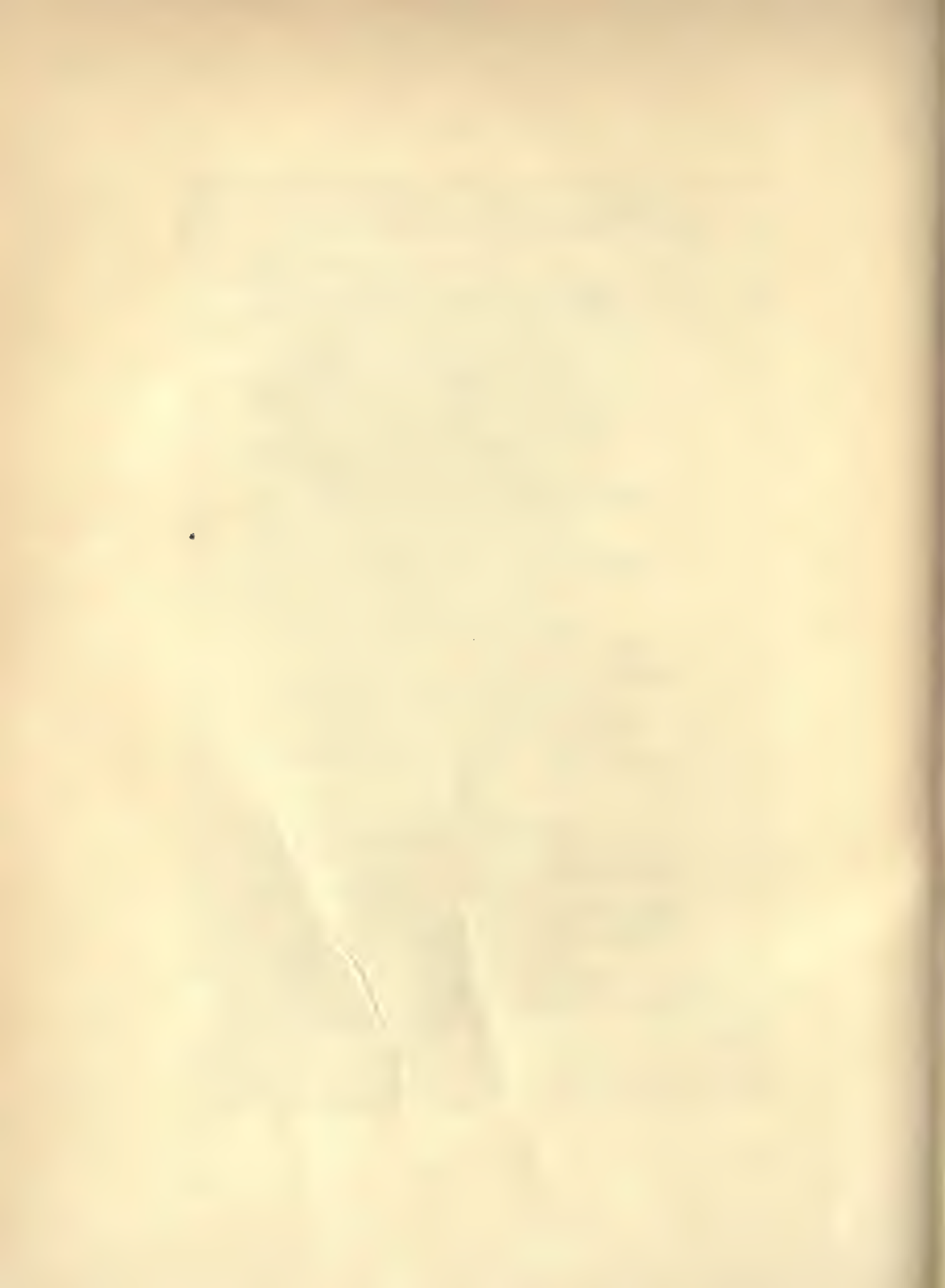
Stuk. Wh a t craues the vniuersall gouernour of callies.

Her. Obstinat captaine that thou lend thy kinde,
and make surrender of what I require,
Or thou and thine like pyrates all shall die.

Stuk. I cannot heare, I would you would speak louder.

Her. Doeſt thou decide me.

Stuk



of I ho. Stukely.

Stuk. Not veride you Sir.

But for my hobbies ile not spare a haire,
So much of their tales, to pick your teath,

lady. Sweet captaine speake him faire at my intreaty.

Stuk. Waddam I owe my life to do you service
Wnt for his threats I do not care a rush.

Har. How haue I bin deluded by your words,
he scoznes me still, knock off his prou gyues,
and let an Executioner be sent for
I will not stir untill I see him dead.

Stuk. herando, I do dare the worst thou canst.

lady. Oh do not prouoke him so.

Stuk. content you Waddam, Stukely beares a mind,
that will not melt at any tirants words.

Her. calst thou me tirant too, it is enough,

Enter Marshall.

In sooth ile try your patience for that word.

Mar. Herando, In his maiesties high name,
I charg you presently prepare your selfe,
to make apparance at the court this night,
and bring this gentleman your prisoner here,
together with such horses as you haue.
Of his in your possession : faile you not
As you will answer it unto your perill.

Her. how knowes the king he was my prisoner,

Mes. What answer make ye will you goe with me.

Her. With all my hart : this Stukely is some diuel
And with his sorcery hath incensd the king,

Stuk. Hernando, if your Lordship want a horse,
One of my Hobbies is at your command.

Her. he flatters me : But I must dissemble with him
brave Signior Stukely what so ere hath past,
Betwixt your selfe and me conceiue the best
It was but triall of your fortitude,

U ii

And

The famous history

and now I see you are no lesse indeed
Than what you seeme a valiant gentleman,
I do embrace you with a brothers loue,
Come let vs goe ile do you any grace,
Vnto the King my honour extends vnto,

Stuk. When I do need it, I will thanke ye Sir.
But Paddam wherein may I quittance you,
whose kindnes is the cause of all my good.

lady. I craue not moze for any thing I doe,
But that you vertuously report of me,
and in remembrance of me weare this scarfe.

Stuk. This on mine arme, your selfe with in my hart,
Doeth Stukely bow perpetually to beare. Exeunt.

Enter Vernon and a Maister of a ship with the
Lantado and two or three officers,

Ver. Signoz Lantado by your patience,
It is no wrack: noz you by law can cease,
vpon the ship or goods here cast away.

lant. Sir, Sir, your negatiue is of no force
you are part-owner haplie of the ship,
Or else capemarchant ventred in the fraght,
Your speech is partiall to saue ship and goods.

Ver. Examine then the maister of his oath?

lant. So we intend.

Ship. M. Sir you haue knowne me long,
and neuer knew me falsifie my word,
Much lesse mine oath, which I will freely psworne,
My life and all to testifie the truth

lant. Whence was the ship.

Ship. Ma. Of London?

lant. What her name.

Ship. M. The Pelicane?

lant. What burden was she of.

Ship. M. Two hundred tonne.

lant. And what her Lading?

Ship. M.



of Tho. Stukely.

M Ship. Backs of English cloth,
This gentleman ought neither shippe nor gods
But came from Brittain as a passenger,
For at Saint malloves we had cause to touch
To take a bord a marchants Factor there,
and there we found this honest gentleman.
very desirous to be shipt for Spaine.
In luckles hou2 he brought his trunks aboard,
and in more halpes time the same are lost,

Ver. small losse were that if all the rest were safe,
The men are lost onely we two suruiue.
Whom you by shoores of pittie, haue enforct,
to come ashore and leaue the crazed shippe,
And will ye now forget what you haue swoorne :
and sake to make a wrack of that is none.
set bz abroad againe and let vs bide,
The hazzard of the tempest and the tide.

Lant. We are ashore, and thanke mee for your liues,
Which said, why should you value shippe or gods?
You sweare you are but passenger, let passe
let the owners and the marchant beare the losse

Ship. What if he should? The master there am I,
and were I dead, if any did suruiue
and liue aboard, you can not make a wrack,

Ver. No I will knée befoze the king of Spaine.
Befoze my Countrey men such losse sustaine

Lant. proud English man since thou art peremptorie.
Thou shalt not knée nor see his maiestie, Away with them
Trumpets sound. Enter king Phillip : leaning on Stuklees.
Shoulder, Alua, Dauita, Valdes that was the messenger,
Hernando before bare, and the Gouvernor. hernando after
(with other.

K. Phil. Veroyck Stukely, on our royal word
We neuer did esteeme a present more,
Than those faire Irish horse of your frank gulse.

Stuk.

The famous history

Sunk. Redoubted Phillip Royall Catholique king,
It pleaseth so the Bounty of your spirit,
To reckon them that are of little worth,
But if your highnes know my inward zeale,
To do you service past the worlde compare,
You would esteeme those thirty Irish Kades,
As thirty mites to all the Indian mines.

K. Phil. How we esteeme your present and your selfe,
Our instant favours shall aduertise you.
Alua and Sancto Danula shall declare,
To gallant Stukley what regard we beare,

Ver. Crosse of all Crosses why should sea and wind,
Spare me to live where double death's assignd,
Is possible that Stukley so delect,
In England? lings in Spaine in such respect.

K. Phil. Stay what are these.

Ver. Boze luter's to your grace,
An English ship is split here in the Race,
And this Lantado the Mizadingrall,
Comming aboard and seeing vs alive,
The sole remainder of a hundred Soules,
Entised by christian promises,
to come a Shore as pittyping our case,
Our fate no sooner toucht this Spanish earth,
Than he would make a work of ship and goods.

Lant. Dread Soueraigne true, the ship is split and sunke
and every billow over-rakes the hull,
this living couple crept by to the pope,
In dread of daunger and of present death,
In charity I toke to save their lives.

Ship. M. With promise and promise gracious king,
that no advantage should be tane thereof,
Else had I staid though he had gone a Shore,

K. Phil. Why, what are you.

Ship. M. The Painter of the ship.

K. Phil.



of Tho. Stukely.

K. Phil. And he the owner of the venturer,
and would decrie vs of our royaltie.

Ver. Upon my life great King I meant it not,
I am no Owner nor yet venturer,
I came but in her as a passenger,
But afore I saw the time was at the highest,
and ebbing water would haue laid vs dry,
The ship belonging to my place of birth,
I was resolu'd to bide the utmost hant,
and saue the ship and goods for th'english owners,

K. Phil. Whereof you may be one.

Stuk. Heare me great king,
If you beloue this hest haue any spark,
Of honoꝝ or of Valger honestie,
Then credite me this gentleman that speaks,
Was neuer owner of a ship in's life.
Nor Merchant venturer though both trades be good.
But well deri'ed of rich and gentle birth,
Holds it his blisse to be a traveller,

K. Phil. Your Protestations haue perswaded vs
Lanado leaue them and discharg the ship,
and genleman, and shipper stay without,
This honorable countreyman of yours,
shall bring our further pleasure for your good.

Ver. If in the Basilisks fore-prizing etc,
Be safety for the object it beholds,
Then Stukley may to Vernon comfort bring,
Els men are safe at Sea when Syrens sing.

Exit Vernon Ship Maister and Landato.

K. Phil. How gallant Stukley, boast of Phillips grace,
By such employments as we haue assignd,
The king our couzene Don Sebastian,
Solicites vs for aide to Africa,
In hope to conquer the Barbarians.
The farther Princes of that parched soile,

The famous history

Are at contention Who shall weare the crowne,
And the young king of Portugall beleues,
And so do we, their strife shall breed him peace,
And so he stands ingagd by Royall oath,
To helpe the king Fez against his fe.
And craues assistance from vs of his blood.
We haue consented with condition,
to giue it him if Rome doth hold it fit:
and you braue Stukley are the man select,
to carrie to the Pope our Embassie,
and we will furnish you for these affaires,
Do not admire the strangnes of our choice,
In pointing you before our native nobles,
But thinke our loue, our hope, or your desert,
We all conioynd aduance you to this place.

Stuk. Most sacred and mightie king of Spaine,
though many reasons might with stand belief
that you would chuse me your ambassado,
Yet since your highnes twice hath spoke the word,
I humbly credite and accept the charg.

K Phil. and to defraie your charg in our affaires,
Our bounty shal excede her vsuall bounds:
First for it is the time of Gublie,
Next for you go from Phillip King of Spaine,
and last for high regard we hold you in.

Stuk. With fauor I will studie to deserue.

K Phil. It is deseru'd: Valdes deliuer you,
Five thousand Ducats to Don Stukleyes hands,
Here are our letters and commission,
with such Instruction as concerne the cause,
So much for that: now for your countreyment,
whose ship miscaried here vpon our coast
we do allow them all couenient helpe,
For your sake to recouer ship and goods,
and that their losse may seeme so much the lesse.



of Iho. Stukely.

We do acquit them of all custome fees,
So gallant Stukley carry them these nelues,
and make you ready for these great affaires.

Exit;

Stuk. Ready to serue and follow your command (Stuk.

K Phil. Are not these English like their country fish,
Cold gudgeons: that will bite at euery bate?
how easily the credulous soles beleue,
The thing they fancy, or would wish of chaunce,
Using no precepts of art prospectiue,
To see what end each proiect sorteth to,
Hernandes tell me what is thy conceit,
Of our election and of Stukleys worth?

Her. Most gracious and dread soueraigne pardon me,
To speake of Stukley in particuler,
Because your frowne lies heauy on me yet,
For that I did and offered him at Cales,
But generally I censure the english thus,
harde, but rash, wittie, but overweaning
Else would this English hot braine weigh thintent
Your highnes hath in thus imployning him

Phil. Thou iudgeth rightly, it is not for loue,
We beare this nation that we grace him thus,
but vse him as the agent of our guile,
For if the matter were of great import,
Or that we would keepe touch with Portugal,
and albe his boyage into Barbarie,
Stukley should haue no hand in these affaires,
but now we deale as Lords of Alnegards vse,
Stop with one bush two gappes into their ground,
One must we send to Rome to Iubile,
and Stukley for his guilt must haue reward,
One bounty guilded with imployments grace,
Serues both the fornes, and sends proud Stukley hence,
Vlades, five thousand Duccats pay him that,
So are we rid of a fond Englishman.

(Exit Omnes.

Enter

The famous history

Enter Stukly, with Vernon and the Ship Maistar.

Stuk. But is it certaine that my wife is dead.

Ship. M. Sure as I liue I saw her buried,
First diide the mother, then the daughter next
Then old Sir Thomas Curteis liued not long
And diide not rich: but what was left, he gaue
Part to his brother, part to the hospitall.

Stuk. Then wheres the part hee left his sonne in law.

Ship. M. Pardon me sir he left no part for you.

Ver. Your part and graund part were consumed to sonne,
To haue a porcyon left you at the last,

Stuk. Friend Vernon leaue such discontenting speech
your melancholie ouerflowes your spleene,
Euen as the billowes ouer racke your shippe,
Whose losse the king so: my sake will redore,
Then take me not good Vernon with graund parts,
Whats twenty thousand pound to a free hart.
Twenty weekes charges for a gentleman,
A thousand pound a week's but faire expence.

Ver. your wife diide not worth such a weekes expence.

Stuk. What remedy yet Stukly wil not want,
Shes gone and all her friends their heads are lade
God resurrection haue they at the last,
then shall we meete againe: In the meane space,
Tom Stukly liues, lastie Tom Stukly,
Craft by the greatest king of christendome.

Enter one of the K. men.

Nuncio. the gouerno: of Cales Hernandes states
to crye you mercy and to take his leane, (Exit Nuncio,

Stuk. there let him staie I leave him to himselfe
I loue him not no: malice one so meane.

Enter Valdes, the king don Stukly praies to speake to you,
But euen a word, he will not staie you long,

Stuk. I shall attend his highnes by and by (Exit Valdes
For old acquaintance and for Cuntrey sake,

vernon



of Tho. Stukely.

Vernon and maister, let me Banquet you,

It shal be no disgrace to feast with me,

Whom the king bleth with so great respect.

Ship. M. Pardon sir, I must go see my shippe,

Whose owner shal be thankfull for your fauour.

Stuk. What saies master Vernon.

Ver. I, some other time,

May trouble you although it be not now.

Stuk. As your occasions shall induce you sir (Exit Stukly)

Ver. God maister see if any thing of mine,

May from the ship bee safely brought a shoze,

And I will see your paines considered

Ship. M. I do not doubt but all your stuffe is safe,

The hatches are as close as any chest.

Nothing takes hurt but what is in the hold,

Because the keele is split vpon the sands,

We send your trunks a shoze and then prouide,

to seeke our drowned men and to burie them, (Exit

Ver. Not all the drowned, but those are drowned and dead,

for I am drowned in my conceit aloue,

Some sinne of mine hath so offended heauen;

that heauen still sends offence vnto mine eye.

What should I think of Stukly or my selfe,

either was he created for my scourge,

or I was borne the foile to his faire happes.

or in our birth our starres were retrograde.

In Ireland there he braud his Gouvernor,

In Spaine he is Companion to the king,

His fortunes mount and mine stoops to the ground,

he as the Wine, I as the Colewortt grow,

I live in euerie ayre but where he breaths,

his eye is as the Gorgons head to me,

and doth transforme my senses into stone.

some hold Spains climate to be very hot,

I feele my blood congeale to yce in Spaine,

The famous history

The Leopard lines not néere the Elephant,
Nor I néere Stukley, Spaine farewell to thee,
Either he raunge this buniuersé about,
Or I will be where Stukley hath no being.

Exit.

Enter Stukley, Valdes, Stuklys Page,
and one bearing Bags sealed.

Stuk. How many Duccats did the king assigne?

Val. Five thousand.

Stuk. Are they all within these Bags?

Val. Well néere.

Stuk. how néere?

Val. Perhaps some twenty want.

The Bags are set one the Table.

Stuk. Why should there want a Harmaby? a mite?
Doth the king know that any Duccats lacks,

Val. he doth and saw the bags would hold no more,
and seald them with his signet as you see,

Stuk. Valdes retorne them I will haue none of them,
And tell thy master the great king of Spaine,
I honoꝝ him but scorne his nigardice,

Cast the Bags to the ground.

And spurne abridged bounty with my fote,
a bate hale twentie from five thousand Duccats,

He giue five thousand duccats to my boy,

If I had promisd Phillip all the world

Or any kindome england sole except,

I would haue perisht or perford my word,

and not referud one cottage to my selfe,

For so much ground as would haue made my grane,

Foster for duccats if he take the tyth,

Tell him ile do his busines at home,

upon my proper cost but for his crownes,

Since they come cartaild carry them againe

Come boy to horse, away, spariard farewell,

Val. Stay Sir I pray ye til I moue the king.

Stuk.



of Tho. Stukely.

Stuk. Thou must a mountaine sooner then my mind,

Exit Stukely and his Page.

Val. What a high spirit hath this Englishman,
He tunes his speeches to a kingly keye,
conquers the world, and cast it at his heeles,

Enter King Philip and his Lords.

Here comes the king.

Phil. How now is Stukely gone.

Val. Gone and will do your busines at home
though he refused the Duccats you assignd.

Phil. How so.

Val. Because that twenty Duccats want.

Phil. Amongst five thousand may not twenty lack,

val. No no, he supposeth you repent your gift,

If you abridge your bounty but a mite.

Phil. Not so; the world shall Stukely go without,
To ad a thousand Duccats more to these,
and post and pray him not to be displeas'd,
Tell him I did it but to try his minde,
which I commend above my treasury,
If England have but Fifty thousand such,
the power of Spaine their coast shall touch,
come Loyds to horse to Cyvilt lies our way,
Waldes! I charg you to eschue delay. (Exeunt Omnes.)

Enter Sebastian, Antonis, Herando, the
Cardnall and Botellio.

seba. the great and honored promise thou returnst vs,
From our brave hysman Philip king of Spaine,
My Deare Botellio ads a second life:
unto the action that we have in hand,
the ioyfull breath that issues from thy lips,
Comes like a lusty gale to stoffe our sails,
curling the smooth brooves of the Affrick deepe,
O let me heare thy tongue sound once againe,
the cheerfull promise, of our new supplies,

The famous history

Bot. Why thus imperiall Spaine bad me returne,
Wato the great puissant Portingall :
Ten thousand sote : of gallant Spanish bloud,
Wen borne in honoz : and exployts in war,
And not on Indian ez Wale ballard Wore ;
Fifty his galleies, of the proudest Tlesfels,
That to this day yet ever Ware an Dre
To meete you at the Port De sant Maria,
The fourth of Iune.

Sebast. The fourth of Iune, at Port De sant Maria
Ten thousand sote, and fiftie of his Gallies,
By land and sea, and at a certaint time,
Oh what a gallant harmony is here,
Wethinks that I could stand and still repeat them,
A month together, they to please my soale,
Wa Antonio : What an armes here,

Turning to the king of Portingall,
I tell the cosen : neuer christian King,
Cam with so proud a power to Africa

Anto. And yet the Greatnes of your royall spirit,
Makes all this nothing, so your glory shines,
aboue the power of spaine and Portingall.

Sebast. cosen Antonio .to pay Bottello back,
The interest of his spanish embassy,
as you haue taken muller of our powers,
Report the number what our army is.

Anto. Anto your number of Ten thousand spaniards
In the kings army : add to this Bottellio :
Thre thousand mercenary spanish Wozs,
Of bolantary valiant Portingals,
Thre thousand thre score speciall men of armes,
The Garrison of Taicet, and light horsemen,
Five thousand and foure hundred,
Five thousand Germans and Ittaliens,
Wz power thre thousand and the Duke Averos,

Doubt



of Tho. Stukely.

Doubles my number, if fully more

Besides the power that we do expect from Rome,
thirty seauen thousand wee are now compleat.

Sebast. Our army Ioynd with that Mahamet brings,
his Barbarians, and his Mountaine Moes,
Brought from the Desarts of burnt africa,
His valiant Turks : traind vp in spoile of war,
his souldiers of Morcco and of siris :

To fifty thousand as his promise is.

Ha Braue Antonio there will be a power,
to affright the very walles of Ies,
and make stout africk tremble at the sight,
Where we shall braue her on the sun burnd plains
and with our cannons crush her wanton head,
O my Antonio how I long to see,
how spanish blood and turkish will agree.

Anto. How shall it please your sacred Maiesty,
to appoint the seuerall charges of this war.

sebast. Cosen antonio in this heate of war,
for the safetie of our royall kingdom,
Let vs yet speake of things concerne our peace,
although but bræfe. first our dearest cosen,
for your princely selfe,
your right vnto the crowne of Portugall,
as first and nearest of our royall blood,
that should we faile : the next in our succession,
tis you and yours, to sit vpon our throne,
which is our pleasure to be published.

anto. Long may my liege & soueraign Lord Sebastian,
Sit on the royall throne of portugall.

sebast. We thank you princely cosen,
Our deare and reuerent vnckle Cardinall,
vnto our selfe commit our wars in africa,
for the great trust we repossesse in you
We do bequeath our kingdoms gouernment,

The famous history

As one whose wisdom and nobilitie,
Deserves the great protection of our Realme.

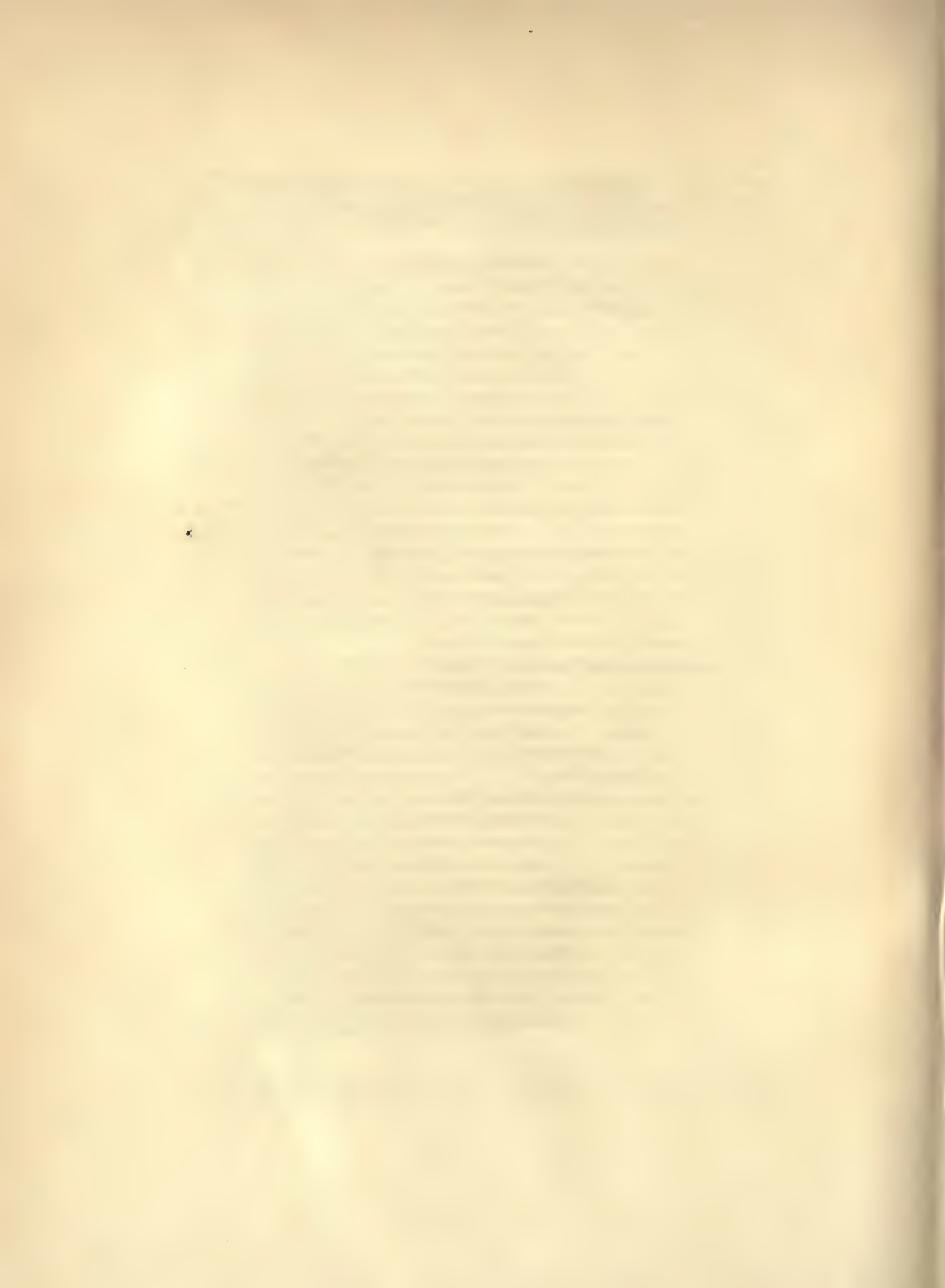
Card. The most unworthy of that royall place,
Whose manie yeares and imbecillitie,
are not too weak to vnderprop the burthen
But may the remnant of my age be spent,
To Portugals restesse and your content.

Sebast. Now Antonie vnto our seuerall charges,
Your selfe will share the fortunes in these wars,
we do commit a Garrison of Tanieers,
vnto the leading of Aluares Peres,
our voluntary Portugalls to Lodouico Ceasar,
the mercenary Spaniards to alonso,
Merenecees Lieutenant generall of our forces,
Tanara for the German collonell,
and now let forward let our Ensigns fly,
Either victorious, or if conquered die.

Eeter Chorus.

Cho. Thus farre through patience of your gentle ears
hath Stukleys life in Conicke historie
Bin new reuiude, that long ago late rake
in dust of Africke with his bodie there:
Thus farre vpon the steps of high promotion
his happie starres aduauant him, Now at highest
no clearest summer daies haue darkest nights,
and euerie thing must finish: So in him
his state declining drawes vnto an end,
For by the Pope created as you heard
Marquesse of Ireland: with that new honoz,
Embarkt and bitualed thinke him on the Sea:
and that the time Sebastian had set downe
to meet with Philips promiss apde is past:
Toward Africke he, toward Ireland the other,
are both addrest vpon the boisterous waues:
But meeting what strange accident befell,

how



of Tho. Stukely.

How he was altered from his first intent,
And he deluded by the hope he had,
To be ascribed by the Castyle King,
Regard this shew and plainly see the thing.

Enter at one doore Phillip King of spaine, Alua and souldi-
ors they take their stand : then Enter another way, seba-
stian, Don Antonio, Avero with drumes and ensines they
likewise take their stande. After some pawle Antonio is
sent forth to Phillip, who with obedience done appro-
ching away againe very disdainfully : and as the spanish
souldiors are about to follow Antonio. Phillip with his
drawn sword stops them and so departs. Whereat seba-
stian makes shewe of great displeasure, but whispering
with his lords each incorageing other as they are about to
to depart. Enter stukly and his Italian band : who keping
aloof, sebastian sends Antonio to him, with whom stuk-
ley drawes neere towarde the king, and hauing awhile
conferd, at last retirs to his souldiors, to whom he makes
show of perswading them to ioyn wuh the portugeese :
at first they seeme to mislike but last they yeelde and so
both armie meeting imbrace when with a sudden
Thunder-clap the sky is one fire and the blazing star ap-
pears which they prognosticating to be fortunat depar-
ted very ioyfull.

So far was Phillip as you haue beheld,
from lending aide vnto the Portugeese,
Is not content to vndergo the Blot,
Of breach of promise but with naked sword,
Of vnauided Justice threatens such,
As should but offer to depart the Land.
Whereby the prince though very much disturbed,
Yet not dismayd so haughty was his mind,
Resolueth still to prosecute his Journey,
and whilst they are debating on the cause,
stukly by weather is drawn in to them,

The famous history

Which being knowne what courtyer man he was,
What ships he had and what Italian bands,
and whereto he was bound: thoffence thereof,
the great dishonour and Implety,
Laid open by Sebastian, craite recants,
and moues his souldiers which with much ado,
at last are won to make for Barbary,
So soner was this fellowship contriude,
and they had found their armies both in one:
But heauen displeas'd with their rash enterprize,
Sent such a fatall comet in the aire,
Which they misconstruing shone successfully,
doe haue the faster furrowing through the deepe,
and now suppose but too the wretched houre,
and too that damd Mahamet whose guile,
this tender and unskild yet balliant king,
Was thus allurd into a timeles death,
that in Tyrill a towne in Barbary,
they all are landed: and not far from thence
Doe meete that stragling fugetiue the Queene,
With some small forces: what doeth then ensue,
we may discourse but chrysdendome shall koe. (Exit.
Enter muly mahamet with Calipolis drawne in their chari-
ot, with them a messenger from sebastian.
sebast. So let ten thousand of our guard be sent,
to entertaine the great Sebastian,
and welcome chrydian to the king of Felle,
and tell the portingall thy royall maister,
that asrick makes obeysance to his feet,
and stoops her proude head lower than his knee,
tell him mine eyes are thursty for his presence.
mes. I will returne to tell your highnes pleasure
maha. Do so begone.
and let our chariot be drawne softly forwarde,
where I and my Calipolis will sit,



of Iho. Stukely.

to grace the entrance of gret porcingale;
How faire Calipolis rouse thy proud beauty,
and strike their eyes with verber of thy selfe.

He leaps from his Chariot.

Enter sebastian at the sound of Trumpets
Dismount thee Poly from thy chariot wheels
to entertaine the mighty chastian king,
welcome Sebastian king of porcingale.

sebast. thanks to the mighty and imperiall fesse,
who thus alights the mighty emperor.

muly. that I will do great porcingall the grace,
to set thee by Calipolis my Queene.

sebast. Let mighty Polus selfe supply that place,
and give me leave to attend upon your loue.

muly. Mount thee Sebastian Poly do. by command,
It is my pleasure I will haue it so,
Mount thee braue Lord and sit thee on her sode,
and say Sebastian that the sonne of Phcebus,
Upon his fathers fiery burnishd carr,
Here sat so glorious, as the porcingall,
Ioue would exchaung his Scepter for thy seat,
and would abandon Iunos godlike bedd,
Might he in on my faire Calipolis,
Welcome Sebastian loue to africa.

Calip. All wel em that Calipolis can giue,
To the renouncd mighty Porcingall,
here sit sweet prince and rest thee after toil,
He wipe thy Browes with leanes moze sweet and soft,
Then is the downe of Cichereas fans,
He fan thy face, with the delicious plumes,
Of that sweet wonder of Arabia,
With precious waters He refresh thy curles,
Whose very saour shall make Panthers wild,
and liuely smell of those Dilicious sweets
and with such glorious liquors please thy tast,

The famous history

As Helens goblet, neuer did containe,
Nor neuer graff the banquets of the Gods.

Muli. When speake the comfort of great Mules life
her teeth more whiter, than Canase frosty clots,
where she vnlocks the portals of her hips,
Beauty a Phoenix burneth in her eie,
Which there still liueth, as it still doth die.

Stuk. Why heers a gallant, heers a king indeed,
He speaks all Mars but let me follow such a
Lab as this: This is pure fire.

Euery looke he casts flasheth like lightning,
Ere we mett in this Boy.

He brings a breath that sets our sailes on fire,
Why now I see we shall haue cuffs indeed.

Ant. Now afoze God, he is a gallant Prince,

Muli. What Princes be these in your company?

Sebast. That is our cousin Prince Antonio,
The other Sculley the braue Irish Marquesse.

Muli. Noble Antonio, and renowned Marquesse,
ten thousand welcoms into Africa.

Ant. Thanks to great Muli.

Stuk. To your mightinesse.

Muli. Next now the neighing of our warlike horse
shall make the pallace of commanding Ioue,
Our roaring Canons feare the highest cloude,
and fright the sunne out of his wonted course,
Africke Ile die thy Tabry sands in bloud,
and set a purple on thy Sonburnt face,
This is the day thy terror first began,
Before great Muli and Sebastian,
Dine on, and I will lacky by thy side,
these Christian Lords I trust will take no scozne,
When Muli-hamet beares them company.
Away, Exeunt,



of Tho. Stukely.

Two Trumpets sound at either end : Enter

Mully hamet and Antonio,

Anto. Second thy sonne what ere thou best that callest,
and with thy proud importance grōt our eares,

Muly ham. What African or warlike Portugall,
comes forth to answer.

Anto. Muly Hamet I.

Muly. Antonio,

Anto. The same proud Moze: that proud Portugall.

Muly. Where is Sebastian: he comes not forth
Himselfe to answer me.

Enter Sebastian: Mahamet
and the traine.

Sebast. Here Muly Hamet, here stout African,
What wouldst thou Hamet with the portugall
Wheres Abdelmeleck thy proud haughty brother.

Enter Abdelmeleck and his traine.

Abdel. heare braue Sebastian king of portugall,
Sebast, Dart thou there: thy selfe in presence then.

What wouldst thou beg proud Abdelmeleck speake,

Abdel. Beg, it is a word I neuer herd before
yet vnderstand I what thou meanst thereby,
thers not a child of manly Zariks line,
But scorns to Beg of Mahomet himselfe,
We shall lead fortune with vs bound about,
and sell her Bounty as we do our slaves,
we mount her back, and manage her for war,
as we do vse to serue Barbarian horse,
and check her with the snaffle and the razine,
We bend her swelling crest, and stop and turne;
as it befalls vs haury portugalls,

Sebast. weelsprue your Jennet lusty african
and with our pistols, weele prick her pampred sides
vntill with packing she do breake her gerths,
and sling her gallant rider in the field,

and

The famous history

and say ypon Shore: that so said Porzingall.

Abdel. Thy words do sound of honor christian king,
Which makes me therefore pittie thee the more,
And so: rold that thy valour should be sunke,
In such a battayl unknowne sea of Armes.
Where thy bid courage, cannot beare that saile,
That thy proud haughty spirit would gladly haue,
Therefore Sebastian cast aside these armes
that thou vainly beares against thy friend,
and leaue that traitor that but trains thee on,
Into the Jaws of thy destruction.

Muly. Brave pong Sebastian king of Porzingall,
and Don Antonio here me gallant Lords,
Muly Mahamet, but you are in presence,
Would thinke himselfe damned euermore,
But to hold back with so base a slaue,
Whose coward melting soule for very feare,
Comes frighted by and downe within his bosome,
and saies would find a Message from his brest,
So Daunted with the terror of our armes,
That he is mad his soldiers will not die,
That with some conioy he might turne his backe,
Dost thou the power, of a strike in my hand
Like furious lightning in the hand of Ioue,
to dash thy pride, and like a raging storme,
to teare those Turkish flags that spread their silks,
vpon the strandes of peacefull africa,
and quakest not slaue: with terror of the same.

Hamet. Dare but my brothers Baskar and a slaue,
that should haue haile at Abdelmelechs feet,
send these proud threats from his audacious lips.

Maha. Downe Dog: and crouch before thy feet.
Mighty Morocco: of mighty Fesse:
But why vouchsafe I language to this slaue,
Here me Sebastian: thou brave Portuguese,

of Tho. Stukely.

I Polhamet king of mighty Sus,
whose Countries bounds and limits do extend
From mighty Atlas: ouer all those Lands,
that stretch themselves to the Atlanticke Sea,
And looke vpon Canaries wealthy Isles,
And on the west to Gibaltaras Straights,
those fruitfull For-lands, and the famous townes
Affore sebastian king of portingall
Most glorious and triumphant victorie.

Abdel. Heare me Sebastian, heare me youthfull king:
and abdelmelech will receiue thee yet,
And clip thee in the armes of gentle peace.
forsake this tyrant and ioyne hands with me,
and at thy pleasure quietly possesse,
The towne thou holdest in africk at this day,
Aginer, Zahanra, Seuta, Penon, Melilla,
Which Muly Mahamet, will dispossesse thee of,
If by thy means he should obtaine the day.

Sebast. Say Abdelmeleck, tell me wilt thou yet
Dismiss thy power, breake these rebellious armes,
Which now thou bearest gainst the king of Iesse,
and great Sebastian king of Portingall:
Yet of Mahamet, will obtaine thy life.

Hamet. Looke on the power that Abdelmeleck brings,
Of braue resolved Turks, and valiant Moors,
Approued Alarcs: puissant Argolets,
as numberles as be these Africks sands,
and turne thee then and leaue thy petty power,
the succor sayling you expect from spaine,
and bote thy knees for mercy Portingall,

anto. Our very slaues our Negros, Muleters,
able to giue you Battaille in the field.

Then think of those that you must cope withall,
The Portingall and his approued power,

Muly

The famous history

Muly-Mahamet and his balliant Mors
The Irish Marques, Stukely and his troups,
Of warlike Germans and Italians,
Aluares, Caesar, Menesis and avero,
Proud abdelmeleek, kneele and beg for grace,
abbel. Then proud Sebastian I deny all meanes.
Maha. Therefore Mahamet and Sebastian farewell.
Excursions.

Enter Sebastian, antonio, auaro and Stukly
In counsell together.

Sebast. Advise vs Lords if we this present night,
shall passe the river of Mezaga here,
Upon whose sundry banks our tents are pitch,
Or stay the morning Fresh approaching sun.

auo. In my opinion let vs not remove,
The night is darke the river passing deepe,
And we our selues and all my troups my Lord,
Exceeding weary with the last daies march.

anto. My Lord Avaro counsels well me thinks.

Sebast. Whats your opinion Marques of Ireland?

Stuk. My Lord might I perswade neither to night,
Nor in the morning should ye crosse the river:
Our men are weake, the enimie is strong,
our men are feeble, they in perfect health,
Beside tis better discipline I iudge,
To let them seeke vs here, than we them there,
Considering inhat aduantage may be had,
Gainst them that first attempt to passe the river,
Again, on this side whatsoener fall
We haue Larassa and Morrocco both,
Drong to townes of sacco: to retire vnto,

Sebast. Retire vnto, talkes stukely of retreat
are you moued with a Marquesse name,
Crast with the title of a fierce spirit,
Renombed, and talkest so of fortitude:

AND

of I ho. Stukely.

and lurks there in your brest so meane a thought,
Can there issue from your lips a tear me,
So base and beggerly, as that of sight,
I rather thought that Stukley would haue said,
We haite here and are not swift enough,
In seeking fit time to begin the fight.

Stuk. Conceit me not Sebastian at the worst,
You craud my counsell and in that respect,
I speake my conscience if you like it not,
Condemne me not there fore of cowardise,
For what I said was as a faithfull frend,
Carefull we shoulde imbrace the safest course.
But as I am I om Stukley, and a captaine,
Neuer knowne yet to stand in feare of death,
Wise when you will his sote that is the foremost,
His sword that sweetest dyaun my sote and sword,
Shalbe as forward and as quickly dyaune :
Pay do bat follow and ile lead the way,
Ile be the first shall waide vp to the chinne,
We passe Meragas chamell, and the first
Shall giue assault vnto the enemy,
So little do I feare theye feared bzunt,
Or hardest fortune that attends on war.

Enter Muly.

Muly. To armes brave king, to armes couragous Loyds,
Bright crested victoꝝ doeth waite vs on,
And all aduantage that may be had,
Offer to fill our hands with withed spoile,
and chere our hearts with endles happines,
False Abdelmeleck mortally is sick,
For feare I thinke that we shall banquish him,
his sou'iors multitude, and his best frends,
Begin to wauer and mistrust the cause,
Of which thre thousand of his stout Alarks,
men very expert with the shielde and Launce,

The famous history

This night are fled to vs who likewise tell,
Of many thousands more that will revolt,
Where we but ordered once within the field,
I dare assure ye had not cross the riuer,
As now the day breake calles vs to labour,
So that there might be expeditious means,
For such as do affect vs to depart,
False abdelmelecks, armp would forsake him.

Seball. No longer great Mahamet will we linger,
We gaue direction by our prouers,
So soone as any beames of light appeared
Within the Cast: to settle to their work,
and make our passage smother through the forde,
and least they loyter we our selfe in person,
Will overlook them that by ten a clocke,
Within yonder plaine adiacent to Alcazar,
The lot of happy Fortune may be cast.
Come Lordes and each vnto his seuerall charges.

Muly. Branely resolu'd, my selfe will follow you,
and so it happen that Mahamet speed,
I sweack not who oz turk oz christian bleed.

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sounding to the Baraile. Enter abdelmeleek
and sebastian, fighting: after them againe, Muly Maha-
met, and Muly hamet: then antonio: with some other pas-
sing away, then they retired back, abdelmeleek alone in the
battell:

Abdel. Fetch me one drop of water any man:
and I will giue him Tanecers wealthy Towne,
The sands of africk, are so parching hot,
That when our blood doth light vpon the earth,
The drops do seth like Caldrons as they stand,
Tell Wade like Iack it cleaue vnto the houle,
Of our fierce Jewets: which sunke vnderneath vs,
Overcome with heate: some water, water heere.
soul. My Lord you haue bene very lately sicke.
Running in halt, and scarcely yet recovered your disease,



of Tho. Stukely.

Williborato your selfe out of the murdering presse :

Hazard not so the safety of vs all.

abdel. Go hence and preach vn'to the doughty earthy

Perswade it if thou canst to shun the raine,

Or soule to death is thurdy for reuenge,

Rush through the ranks, let the proud christians know,

That abdelmeleck vomes their ouerthrow. (Exit running.)

Enter Sebastian.

sebast. The sun so heats our armor with his beames,
That it woth burne and seare our very flesh,
That when we would stretch out our armes to strike,
Our parched senelues crack like parchments scroles,
and fly in funder that our armes stands out
Rife as our Lances, and our swords fall down,

Panting for breath.

and stick their enuious points into the earth :

Muli mah. there neuer yet was such aheat before,

Since Phaeton set this vniuerse on fier,

that the earth fearing he had liu'd againe,

and got into the chariot of the sunn,

Opens her wide mouth like a gaping maw,

Hastilie,

sebast. Muli mahamet say, how stanoes the day?

muli mah. fly, fly Sebastian : for the foe ppenales,

Dugall, who led thus thousand men of war,

Is now revolted to the enemy,

farewell Sebastian, this our latest night,

I will assay to saue my selfe by flight.

Enter a companie set vpon sebastian, and kill him they go

out, enter a soldier bringing in abdelmeleck on his back,

muli-mahamet following.

muli-mahamet. I neuer feard that my coragious Brother,
would waide so far : in this storme of war,
that he would be too lauish of his person.

Soul. My Lord he died not by the dint of sword :

But, being overcome with toyle and heate,

The famous history

Not well recovered of his dangerous sickness,
Sunk doone for faintnes, and gave up his soule.

Muly In the secrets maner that thou canst devise,
Convey his royall course into our tent,
for if his death should once be blowne abroad,
It were a means to overthrow the day.

Enter a souldior running.

Exit souldier carrying his body.

Speake haue who has the advantage of the day.

Soul. Our valiant turques, and Portingalls haue got the field
Sebastian slaine : Muly Mahamet fled,
And abdelmeleck crownd with victorie.

Muly. Shyre glorious sun, and beare vnto the west
Petoes of our conquest : and fright those that dwell,
Under our feete with Terror of our name,
Slaine in thy fiery paltraes yet awhile,
And trot them lustly on those aprie planks,
To looke vpon the gloze of the day. Exit.

Enter Don Antonio, disguised like a priest fearfully
Lookeing a bout him.

Anto. Ah poore Antonio, which way canst thou take,
But dreadfull harro: dogs thee at the heeles :
Sebastian slaine, Muly Mahamet fled :
All Portingalls braue Infantries slaine,
and not a man of marke or note aliue.
Thou glad to hide thee in a priests disguise,
Thy Chaplen, that came with thee to the warr,
and in this battell likewise lost his life.
Heauen (be thou please) this yet may stand in need:
If not, thy will then be accomplished.

Enter three or foure Turkish Soldiors.

1. Soul. See, heere a priest yet left aliue.

Sirra, come helpher, how hast thou escaped?
What, shall we kill him?

2. Soul. No, kill him not, first let vs ransack him.

what



of Tho. Stukely.

What hast thou Sirra, that may saue thy life?

Anto. All that I haue my friends, ile giue ye freely,
So it may please ye but to saue my life?
Which to destroy will do ye little good.

2. Soul. Come then be bræse, lets see, what hast thou?

Anto. This purse containeth all the coine I haue,
These Bracelets my dead Lord bestowed on me,
That if I scape, I might remember him,
In my deuotions and my daily praiers.

2. Soul. Whose præst wast thou?

anto. Ferdinands. duke of Aueros,

2. Soul. Well listen fellows twill do vs little good

To kil him, when we may make benefit
By selling of him to be some mans slave:
And now I call to mind the wealthy Poore,
amaleck that dwelles heer in the Fesse, Heele giue as much
as any man, how say ye that it be so.

2 Soul. No better counsell can be.

anto. Thy will O God be done, what ere become of me

Chorus.

Thus of Alcazars battell in one day
three kings at once did lose their haples liues.
Pour gentle fauour must we needs entreat,
For rude presenting such a royall fight,
Which moze imagination must supply:
Then all our utmost strength can reach vnto.
Suppose the Soldiours, who you saw surprizd,
the poore dismaped pancer antonio:
Haue sold him to the wealthy Poore they talkt off,
And that such time as needs must be allowed,
already he hath past in seruitude,
Sit now and see vnto our stoies end,
all those mishaps that this poore Prince attend.

After antonio's going out

Enter Muly hamet with victorie.

L 3

fool.

The famous history

Soul. The certain number that can yet be found,
and of the christian Lords,
The Duke of averro : and the bish. of Cambra, and Portua
The Irish Marques, Stukley, Count Tanara,
two hundred of the chafe nobility of Boytingall,
and muly Hamet, pausing of the foze,
Wistfull Larissa to escape by sight,
His horse and he both drowned in the river.

muly. See that the Body of Sebastian,
Have christian and kingly Buriall,
after his country manner for in life,
A Braver spirit were liued upon the same,
and let the christian bodies be interd,
for muly-mahamet : let his skin be dead,
from of the flesh : from soote unto the head,
and stuf within : and so be borne about,
through all the partes of our Dominions,
to terrefie the like that shall pursue,
to lift their swords against their souerayn.
And in Remorall of this victory,
for euer after be this fourth of August,
Kept holy to the seruice of our gobes,
Through all our Kingdoms and dominions.

Enter Stukley faint and wearie being
wounded, with him Vernon.

Stuk. Come noble Vernon that I mette you here,
Where the day far more bloudy then it is,
our hope more desperate and our hues beset,
With greater perill then we can deuise.
Yet should I laugh at death and thinke this field,
but as an easie bed to sleep vpon.

Ver. Oh master Stukley since there now remains,
No way but one, and life must here haue end,
Pardon my spech. if in a word or two,
Whilst here we breath vs, I discharg my soule.

of Tho. Stukely.

I must confesse, your presence I haue shund,
Not that I hate you but because thereby,
That griefe which I did study to forget,
Was still renew'd, and therefore when we met,
In Ireland, Spaine, and at the last in Rome,
and that I saw I could no way direct,
My course but alwaies you were in my way,
I thought if Europe I forsooke that then,
We should be far enough disioinde but loe,
Euen here in Aphyck we are met againe,
and now there is no parting but by death.

Stuk. And then I hope that we shall meete in heauen,
My maister Vernon In our birth we two,
Were so ordain'd to be of one selfe heart,
to loue one woman, breath one country aire,
And now at last as we haue sympathize,
In our affections lead one kind of life,
So now we both shall die one kind of death,
In which let this our speciall comfort be,
That though this parched earth of Barbary,
Drinke no more English blood but of vs twaine,
yet with this blood of ours the blood of kings,
shall be commixt, and with their fame our fame
shall be eternize in the mouthes of men.

Ver. Forgiue me then my former fond conceytes,
And ere we die let vs embrace like friends,

Stuk. Forgiue me rather that must die before,
I can requite the frendship you haue shewne, Imbrace.
So this is all the will and testament,
That we can make our bodies we bequeath,
to earth from whence they came our soules to heauen,
But for a passing bell to toll our knell,
Our selues will play the sex ons and our swords,
shall ring our farwell on the burgars, ts,
Of these blood thirsty and bittill turks.

Enter.

ne famous history

Enter foure or fve Italian souldiers,
They lay hands on him.

Stuk. Where he is lay hands vpon him first,
Souldiers what meane ye? will you mutinise?

Ver. He is your Leader doe you seeke his life?

2. To lead vs to destruction, but if he
had kept his Oath he swoze vnto the Pope,
we had bene safe in Ireland, where now
we perish here in Aphrick but before
the fall of death, we bothe to see him dead,
then brave Italians stab him to the heart,

That hath so wickedly behaide your lives,
Ver. First b.aines you shall triumph in my death,
and either kill me till or set him free.

Stuk. Heare we you bloudy villaynes.

2. Stab him souldiers.

Vernon fights with some of them to saue Stukly and is
slaine of them, in the meane while the rest stab Stukley

Stuk. Oh haue you slaine my friend.

2. Yet doth he prate.

Stuk. England farewell: what fortune neuer yet,
Did crosse Tom Stukley in, to thow her crowne,
By treason suffers him to be ouerthrowne. Dies

E N D.





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Captain Thomas Stukeley
Captain Thomas Stukeley

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